

BRANDS
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BRANDS FROM THE BURNING:

AN ACCOUNT OF A WORK

AMONG THE SICK AND DESTITUTE

IN CONNECTION WITH

PROVIDENCE MISSION

NEW YORK CITY.

By Mrs. JANE DUNNING, Supt.

INTRODUCTION BY

Rev. S. H. PLATT, A. M.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

PREFACE BY

Rev. B. T. ROBERTS, A. M.

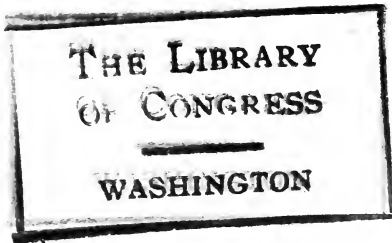
Rochester, N. Y.

"Others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."—JUDE.

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INTRODUCTION.

READER, "BRANDS FROM THE BURNING" is in your hands, and we are asked to introduce it. Introductions are sometimes desirable, but after scanning these "BRANDS" until our tear-dimmed eyes could read no longer, the conviction has forced itself upon us that an Introduction would be an impertinence.

These narratives are too rich in stirring experience of the "gospel of the grace of God," in glorious contrast with the wails of human woe and the sobs of human sin—too inviting to detain the reader from the precious matter just beyond.

"I want the kind of religion that my wife has," said Joseph the Chimney-sweep (p. 75), and that is just the kind that the soul-starving world wants to read about and see. These pages are full of it; read and catch the inspiration. "Dar hangs my coat on de door-knob ob de pearly gate," (p. 79) may seem to refined ears a very poor conception of heaven, but it quaintly expresses a very real want of

the dying Sweep, and a real supply revealed to his faith-vision, for "faith is the substance of things hoped for."

One moment, reader, before you hurry on. This glorious work has been sustained, mainly, for many years, by the contributions and efforts of a single noble-hearted physician of the city of New York, whose modesty—as great as his liberality—will not permit his name to be mentioned. Well, it is known in heaven. May his mantle fall upon many Elishas.

Now, reader, pass on to the heart-stirring incidents that are waiting to touch your soul with melting sympathy, and, we trust, inspire your life with a more earnest purpose and a mightier faith.

S. H. PLATT.

BROOKLYN, *March 22, 1877.*

P R E F A C E.

THIS book gives an account of Christian effort put forth in behalf of the temporal and spiritual welfare of the neglected poor of the City of New York. The following pages are made up largely of incidents that occurred in connection with this work. The truth of every narrative here given can be implicitly relied upon. It preaches the gospel on every page, yet with all the interest of a romance.

St. Paul says, "*Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his.*" If we have the spirit of Christ we shall do according to our opportunities and circumstances the work that Christ did. His work among men was teaching the ignorant the way of salvation, preaching the gospel to the poor, and relieving the distressed. He tells us that the rewards of the last day will be distributed among his followers in proportion to their self-denying labors. "*Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me to give to every man according as his work shall be.*" In

the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew our Saviour teaches that those who neglect opportunities for doing good to their fellow men will miss heaven in consequence: "*Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not unto me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment.*"

We speak for this book a large circulation. It will, we trust, not only entertain all who read it, but stir them up to greater activity in the blessed cause of Christ.

B. T. ROBERTS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BRANDS FROM THE BURNING.

CHAPTER I.

OUR WORK.

Our work is chiefly among the out-door poor, although a portion of our time is spent among the sick and dying at the Colored Home, a most fruitful field of our labor, where we have witnessed the conversion of scores of precious souls, some account of which is given in another part of this work.

Not being restricted, we go *everywhere* in search of the sick and destitute, the outcast and fallen, many of whom never attend church, and would never hear the Gospel, were it not carried to their rooms. And the Lord has wonderfully set his own seal to these efforts; hundreds of these lost sheep, without a shepherd, have been gathered into the fold of Christ; many of these were converted on sick-beds, and died in the triumphs of faith, as the following pages will show.

We have also been enabled to do much to relieve

the bodily sufferings of these afflicted ones, by the voluntary contributions of the friends of this good work. Many of these donations have been given in small sums, and under circumstances which plainly show that God has the oversight of this mission.

The poor of New York, as elsewhere, are divided into two classes—the dissipated, intemperate and indolent class ; and the sober, industrious, and frugal class. Of the latter, there are hundreds, both colored and white, in this city ; widows and orphans, laboring men with dependent families, who, by hard work and prudent management, make a scanty support. But often through sickness, want of employment, or other unavoidable causes, they are reduced to extreme want.

When we find such unfortunates, instead of sending them to an alms-house, we assist them temporarily as far as possible ; and it is wonderful how much of sorrow and suffering is relieved and prevented by the limited means thus employed. Sometimes rent paid for one month, or a small allowance of provision for a few weeks, or a supply of second-hand clothing and bedding, has prevented a loving family from being broken up, and placed them in circumstances where they could again provide for themselves.

We are constantly meeting with those who have sick ones on their hands, with little or no means to provide for them. A wife has a loved husband, who is slowly but surely going to the grave with consumption ; a daughter has an aged, helpless mother, or a

mother a sick but darling child. To support these, that wife, daughter or mother, goes to the rich man's house and works at washing, ironing, or house-cleaning, from morning until night, leaving the sick to pass these weary hours *alone*. But at length the sufferer becomes so low as to no longer admit of being left without care ; then they must have help for a time, or they all suffer together—not only for want of food and fuel, but often, in their deepest afflictions, they are dispossessed for not paying rent.

While visiting on Twenty-sixth street, we met with a poor widow, who, with a consumptive daughter, had just been turned out of door by her unfeeling landlord, because she was unable to meet the payment of her rent. She had found shelter with a family who were too poor to share their means with any one.

The mother, who had been out all day looking for work, and a place to put her sick child, not having succeeded, had returned with a heavy heart. We questioned her closely, and ascertained from others that she was a worthy case. Finding a little room vacant in the same building, we rented it, put up a small stove, placed the poor sick girl in a comfortable bed, and furnished them with food. Her cough was most distressing, and we saw she was rapidly going to the grave. She was unconverted, and quite indifferent about her soul. After visiting her frequently, always tenderly and faithfully urging her to give her heart to God, she was finally awakened

to see her true condition, and one day, while laboring and praying with her, she broke out in an agony of prayer for herself. Her cry was, "O God, have mercy on my poor soul." Soon her mourning was turned to rejoicing, and her prayer to praise.

After repeatedly thanking the Lord for what he had done for her soul, she said : "O Lord, I thank thee for sending these dear friends to look after me ; they have given me a bed, and fire to keep me warm, and food to eat ; but, Lord, I won't want fire, or any of these things, much longer, for I'm coming to Thee. Bless my poor mother ; give her religion, and take care of her " In this simple, touching manner, she prayed for some time. She died a few days after. Her last words were : "I'm going to Heaven !"

MARGARET.

Some of the districts we visit have been sadly neglected, and there is great need of having the Gospel carried to these wretched abodes.

As we call through these large tenement houses, crowded with human beings possessed of immortal souls, but living out their brief existence with no thought of the future, our hearts sink within us. We find here men and women so sunken in iniquity as to be a disgrace to the human family ; and little children, whose lips never utter the name of God except in the oaths which have been so early taught them. And these children, reared in the midst of

such degradation, grow up to become thieves and murderers, to fill our prisons and asylums.

At our first visit to these more neglected parts of the city, the sight seemed truly appalling. And yet, as degraded as they are, we behold with joy their willingness to listen to us, and with tearful eyes they lament the evil courses which they are pursuing.

In T—— street there is a court containing three large tenement buildings, all of which are filled from cellar to garret with the worst class of people.

Several horrible murders have been committed there, as some of the most desperate and hardened characters in all the city live in this court. But this terrible place is a part of our field of labor, and we often find our way into the dismal cellars and wretched abodes of these miserable creatures.

At one time, hearing that in one of these cellars there was a woman dying without religion, we went to her. When entering the gate we met the landlord of these buildings. Observing that we had tracts in our hands, he looked surprised, and asked: "Are you not afraid to go into that bad place?" We could not wonder that he asked the question, but we assured him that we were not at all afraid, and passed on.

In one of the dark cellars, lying on a hard bed, we found the sick young woman. She was groaning aloud with pain, and it was with difficulty that she could speak, so great were her sufferings. The room was destitute of every comfort, and from appearances,

we judged that the dying woman had suffered extreme want.

We asked how it was with her soul. She said that she was a sinner, but did not manifest much concern about her eternal welfare. We asked if the Bible had been read to her, and was told that it had not. We then turned to the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and read the gracious words of invitation: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat," etc. This, at once, engaged her attention, and she kept her eyes intently fastened upon the one who was reading. Having finished the chapter, we then sung:

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live,
Are not thy mercies large and free—
May not a sinner trust in thee?

She soon began to weep and cry "Lord, have mercy on me;" and as we sung—

O, wash my soul from every stain,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

the burden of guilt increased, and she tossed from one side of the bed to the other in the agony of her soul.

She soon became lost to all around her, so intense was the struggle with the powers of darkness. We knelt in prayer, and felt that the Lord was present

to deliver the captive; but it seemed that all the hosts of hell rallied in this last great conflict for this soul for whom Jesus died. But, glory be to God, our Immanuel conquered for us, and we felt from the depths of our heart that help was laid upon one who was "*mighty to save.*"

The people, hearing the noise, gathered in, but the mourner heeded them not; still from that agonized heart went up the cry, "*Jesus, save me; Jesus, save me.*" We encouraged her to believe in Jesus, and while we were singing—

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace;

with the chorus—"I can, I will, I do believe," etc.—her faith laid hold on Christ, and she began to say, "*I do believe; I do believe,*" and soon proved, in her own experience, what is expressed by the poet:

Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit entered,
And I was born of God.

She waved her hand back and forth, saying, "O, he *does* save me; *he does save me.* I am not afraid to die now."

The Great Deliverer had come, blessed be his name, and removed the burden of sin, filling her heart with a peace that "passeth all understanding." Oh! how

the glory of God filled that little room, and the place that before seemed so much like hell, was *now* like the gate of Heaven. All was hushed into quietness throughout the building, and hardened sinners who came in to gaze wept like children, so manifest was the power of God. All glory to his name.

A few hours after her conversion she received the full witness of the Spirit, the Holy Ghost so filling her soul that she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Her death was most triumphant. When she came to the crossing-place of the river, she exhorted her unsaved friends to prepare to meet her in Heaven; and then, with her dying breath, sung: "We shall meet on that beautiful shore;" and thus passed away. In the day when the Lord makes up his jewels, we expect to find Margaret among the number.

A PRAYER MEETING IN A GAMBLING-ROOM.

In this same court there was a room kept for gambling purposes. It was on the first floor, immediately over the cellar, where one of the horrible murders had been committed. We often went through this building, distributing tracts and praying with the people, but had always passed by the door of the gambling-room. One day, as two of us had been to the top of the building, on our return, one said: "I feel impressed to leave some tracts with the

gamblers." We listened a moment, and heard them quarreling and swearing fearfully. We rapped at the door; a man opened to us, and on seeing the missionaries, he was about to close it, but we told him we wanted to come in, and he immediately threw the door wide open. As we entered, we found a dozen or fifteen men and youths sitting around two tables, which were covered with cards. Suddenly, the cards all disappeared, and we stepped to the tables, laying down some tracts, and said: "Let us give you some cards that will do you good."

They seemed much mortified, and some were disposed to run, but closing the door, we took our stand against it, to prevent any of them leaving, for we felt that the Lord had sent us there, and he would protect us. We then talked to them kindly but seriously about spending their time and money in such sinful amusements, after which we opened a hymn-book, and read aloud that solemn hymn—

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death at the farthest can't be far—
O think, before thou die.

As we read aloud each verse before singing, many of them joined in with us, some of whom had fine bass voices. After singing, we asked permission to pray. One, whom we suppose was the leader, nodded assent. We knelt in prayer, and if ever the Lord Jesus was present in any meeting, he was

"in the midst" in that little room among these children of the Evil One.

A wonderful spirit of prayer was given, and the solemnities of the judgment day seemed to rest on all present. We felt no more fear from the time we entered the room until we left, than we should had we been in a *church*, surrounded by religious people.

Before leaving we talked to them again, warning and exhorting them to forsake their evil ways, and give their hearts to God. They were all very respectful; some confessed that it was a bad business, and seemed to approve of all we said; others we left in tears.

THE THREE SISTERS.

While visiting from house to house, we called at a room where we found a young man and his wife engaged in playing cards. We reproved them for indulging in such pernicious amusement, and talked to them seriously about their souls. They were very genteel, and appeared to belong to the more refined class of society. They listened attentively to all that we said, and acknowledged their need of religion. Oftentimes these complaisant sinners are harder to be won to Christ than those who flee when they see us coming, or reply with angry words when addressed on the subject of religion.

The deference of this young couple did not impress us that they were very religiously-inclined,

hence we sung one of our most awakening hymns, commencing,

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear ;
Repent, thine end is nigh, etc.,

solemnly, reading each verse aloud that they might the better understand it and join in the singing, if they wished. The Holy Spirit attended the exercise ; the young woman began to weep, and while singing the third verse,

Reflect, thou hast a soul to save ;
Thy sins, how high they mount ;
What are thy hopes beyond the grave—
How stands that dark account !

she dropped her head in her hands and sobbed aloud. We all knelt before the Lord, and while we were praying she continued to weep violently. We told her that the Spirit was striving with her, and that the Lord would save her that hour if she would forsake her sinful ways, and give herself wholly to him. "Oh," said she, "what shall I do? I never felt like this before. I once went forward for prayer in a protracted meeting, and tried to get religion, but I did not feel the need of it then as I do now. Oh ! this is *my time*, this is *my time*. God is calling me ; I must be saved." And we doubt not but she would have been saved that hour, had she not yielded to a suggestion of the enemy. Glancing at her husband, she said : "Oh ! if he would only start, too. I can't keep religion if I get it, unless he is saved." She

went to him, and throwing her arms around his neck, begged him to begin with her to seek the Lord. He wept, but said it would be useless for him to promise to seek religion, as he was not convicted ; but if he felt as she did, he would certainly give his heart to the Lord. We told him that if he would begin to pray, and ask God to give him repentance unto life, he would soon have all the conviction he needed. But he answered us that it would be impossible for him to bring his mind to decide that question at present. He said that he was glad his wife was seeking religion ; hoped she would persevere until she was converted ; said he should not oppose her, and he would promise us that he would no longer play cards at home, nor in any way tempt or try to discourage her from seeking her soul's salvation. We did not doubt his sincerity, but assured him that while he was unsaved, he could not help being a hindrance to his wife. We encouraged her to continue seeking the Lord, with the hope that when saved herself, she might be the instrument of her husband's salvation.

We spoke of calling again soon, but they informed us that they were seldom at home, as both had a service-place where they were employed during the day, and it was often late at night before they could return home. Unwilling to give them up, we asked the privilege of holding a weekly night-meeting in a room just opposite their own on the same floor. We informed them of our arrangements, and asked them

to come into these meetings as often as possible, which they both promised to do. The occupant of the little room was a pious widow and her aged mother, extremely poor as to this world, but "rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom." They welcomed the meetings, especially the aged mother, who for many years had been unable to walk to church. She praised the Lord for this means of grace, and often, when giving her testimony for Jesus, she would shout aloud the praises of God. We held these meetings every Friday night, for several weeks, but the young gamblers were never present. However, although we were disappointed in not witnessing *their* conversion, our labor was not in vain. The meetings were well attended; the Lord was always present in the exercises, and several were clearly converted; among these were three sisters, named Maria, Ophelia, and Louisa, two of whom lived in an adjoining building. Maria and Ophelia were among the first to be brought under conviction in the meeting, and both began to seek the Lord with great earnestness. Louisa, who was married and lived on Staten Island, came over to the city to visit her sisters, and finding them both in great distress of soul on account of their sins, she accompanied them to the meeting. This was the first and only time she was ever present.

After the usual opening exercises, before engaging in prayer, an opportunity was given for all who felt their need of religion to manifest it by rising. Louisa quickly arose, and in an earnest tone, with flowing

tears, she said : "I feel that I am a *sinner* ; I want religion, and I want it *now*. I ask these Christians to pray for me ;" and immediately she fell on her knees, crying aloud for mercy. The Lord gave his people a wonderful spirit of prayer in her behalf, and before the meeting closed, her prayer was turned to praise, and, with joy unspeakable beaming from her countenance, she arose and testified that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven all her sins. She danced and shouted : "O, glory to God, He has saved my soul. Jesus has washed all my sins away." This was a sudden conversion, but we never witnessed one more sound or clear. We called on her the next day, and found her happy in the Lord. She said she could not attend another meeting, as she was obliged to return home ; but she was determined to serve the Lord faithfully as long as she lived. She said that her husband was unconverted, but she should introduce family prayer, and do all she could to get him saved.

We never saw her again. She died very suddenly a few weeks after her conversion ; but we were informed that she continued faithful until the Lord took her home.

The other two sisters had been seeking the Lord about three weeks, when Louisa was converted. Their convictions of sin were very deep. Maria, the eldest, was often prostrated on the floor, in these meetings, writhing and groaning in the greatest mental agony. So great was her distress of soul, that

she became quite sick in body, unable to attend the meetings, and was finally confined to her bed. But the Lord did not leave the poor sufferer in this wretched condition. He said to her troubled, tempest-tossed spirit: "Peace, be still; and there was a great calm."

We called to see her soon after the blessed change had taken place, and she gave us a full account of her conversion, which was truly wonderful. It was Sabbath, about midnight; she had retired with her sister, but distress of mind had kept them both awake until that late hour. She said it was a dark night, and no lamp burning, when suddenly the room was filled with a bright light, and the same moment her burden of sin and grief was removed, and her soul filled with joy unspeakable. Ophelia confirmed the statement; said she saw the light, was afraid and covered her head with the bed-clothes, while Maria shouted aloud the high praises of God. She soon recovered her usual health, and went on her way rejoicing.

Ophelia was powerfully converted soon after in one of the meetings in the little room. She had sought the Lord, sorrowing, for a long time. When victory came, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Her shouts of triumph were heard throughout the building, and the people crowded into the room to witness the scene. Soon after her conversion she expressed a desire for a clean heart, and began to seek the blessing of entire sanctification with as much earnestness as she had sought justifica-

tion. When seeking pardon, the burden of her petition was like that of the publican: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner;" but when seeking purity, her prayer was like that of the Psalmist: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." One night we called at her little room, and, finding her soul greatly drawn out for the blessing, we encouraged her to look to Jesus for the cleansing touch that hour, assuring her that the same Jesus who had pardoned her sins was both able and willing to sanctify her wholly, and preserve her blameless; that the promise was: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," and that she was to receive heart-purity in the same way that she did pardon—by *simple faith*.

We engaged in a season of prayer, during which she was enabled to lay hold on Christ to save to the uttermost from inward as well as outward sin. In a moment the refining fire went through her heart, and she began to shout glory and victory, and rising to her feet she danced for some minutes, like David before the ark. Her appearance during this exercise was most unearthly; heaven and glory beamed from her countenance and sparkled in her eyes. While walking the floor to and fro, she caught sight of herself in a mirror that hung before her, and stopping suddenly, she exclaimed: "*Is this me?* Is this me? It ain't me; it ain't me. Oh! glory. I'm clear and clean." Then she would dance appar-

ently as light as a thistle-down in the air, crying : "Clear and clean ; clear and clean. O ! glory ; clear and clean." Heaven and earth seemed to come together during this season of rejoicing. Her words and shouts of praise were accompanied by the power of the Spirit, and fell on our own hearts like electrical fire, and all present received a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Ophelia soon followed her sister to an early grave. During her brief sickness, she assured us repeatedly that all was well. We were not present when she died. She expressed a great desire to see us, and often asked : "Have the Missionaries come ? O how I want to see them." We should have been glad to have heard her last testimony, but she told her friends that she was going to Heaven.

SOWING THE SEED.

In the tract-distributing work there is much seed sown, the fruit of which will never appear until that day when the Lord shall make up his jewels. Then, we trust, that thousands will be found among the saved and blood-washed, who were brought to Christ through the instrumentality of tracts. We often place these silent preachers in the hands of little children in the streets, saying : "Take that tract to your mamma ;" and immediately they run with a message of salvation in places where a missionary would not be allowed to enter.

We hand them to dry-goods clerks and salesmen,

to the idlers lounging about the doors of the liquor-stores, and lay them on the tables of the beer and gambling saloons, while many others are distributed among the multitudes who throng the city street-cars. It is written: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

We have met with several instances of those who ascribe their awakening and conversion entirely to the instrumentality of tracts. One was a young woman whom we met in an alley, when passing from a rear building to the street. We handed her the tract entitled, "The Burning Ship," and as she told us she could not read, we stood and read the tract aloud, and then returned it to her. The Lord sealed on her heart the instruction it contained, which resulted in her conversion. When we next saw her (which was several months after), she was rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. She said the impressions she received in that alley never left her until she gave her heart to God. She continually saw herself on that burning ship, just ready to sink to ruin. Her experience was clear and Scriptural, and she seemed in earnest to lead others to Christ.

At another time, while visiting from house to house, we gave a woman the tract entitled, "Niff and his Dogs." An unconverted young man called at her house, took up the tract and read it. The Lord was pleased to make this the means of his conversion.

After the happy change took place, he called and told the woman what the Lord had done for his

soul, and said he greatly desired to see the missionaries who left the tract, that he might also tell them the joyful news. As he did not know our address, he wrote the following letter, and left it at the house, to be given to the missionaries when they called again :

NEW YORK, Dec. 1st, 1875.

For the Missionary Ladies :

As I was up to Mrs. M.'s, I chanced to see and read one of your tracts about a bad man and his dogs, and to see how he was brought to Jesus. And I can say that on the 1st of July, in the morning, about 8.30 o'clock, while I was washing windows, Jesus delivered me from sin. I never felt so happy and loving as I did then. I am willing to lay my life down for Jesus' sake. Sometimes I feel so happy, I sit down and cry. If I can only see you, I can tell you better, for I cannot write it. I was a vile sinner, but Jesus saves me.

Yours, respectfully, C. R. SMITH.

Shortly after we received this letter, he called and gave us a particular account of the Lord's dealings with him. He said the love of God burned like fire in his soul, and he was so happy all the time that he felt constrained to warn or exhort sinners whenever there was an opportunity; and if ever he failed to do so, he felt sad. He was from the South, and was about to return to his native place, feeling that the Lord had a work for him to do among his old friends and neighbors. He was a bright, intelligent youth, and appeared to possess gifts and graces for a special work among souls.

Sow in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Thou knowest not which shall thrive—
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown :

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength—
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

CHAPTER II.

SUFFERING AND SALVATION.

NANCY V.

ONE cold winter's day, late in the afternoon, a poor, forsaken-looking woman came to our house, seeming to be in great distress. She said : "I have five little children at home without fire or food, and we have been without since yesterday." Two of us went with her to her wretched abode, and found her story true. There were five small children huddled around a cold stove. The oldest girl was holding a babe of six months. The furniture of the room consisted of a broken chair, a stove, and trunk, and a pile of rags which lay in one corner of the room. There was neither fire, fuel, food, bed or bedding. The little ones looked up at us and cried for food. We went out and bought bread, coal and other things, enough to supply their present wants.

When we returned, the little creatures gathered around us like a flock of hungry chickens. If a crumb fell to the floor, they would snatch at it as though almost starved. They were all nearly naked. One little four-year old boy, who stood shivering as though suffering from ague, had only a thin, worn-out apron

over his naked body. We furnished them with more comfortable clothing; caring for them otherwise as our limited means would allow. When asked the cause of this extreme destitution, the woman said her husband came to the city a few months ago, having the promise of work at street-sweeping; but others had been employed instead of him, and they found it very difficult to get anything to do.

The mother is only twenty-four years old; has six children, all living, the eldest under nine years. One was being cared for by a family who can scarcely find bread to keep themselves alive.

After relieving their temporal wants, we talked to them about their souls, and the sinner's friend, who has promised: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." The Lord often lets poor sinners get into great straits, it being the only way he could bring them to himself. The woman seemed to feel the truth, looked sad and confessed her need of religion. Not long after this, one Saturday afternoon, she came to our house through a down-pour of rain. She had nothing around her, and her feet were very wet, as she had on old cloth shoes. We wondered what had brought the poor creature out in such a cold rain, but soon learned that she was in deep distress of soul, and wished us to pray with her. It was a favorable time, as it was raining, and the missionaries were all in and immediately engaged in prayer with her.

She soon began to cry aloud for mercy, confessing

her sins, saying: "O, Lord, have mercy on me; do take all my sins away. O, Jesus, do give me this sweet salvation; O do, Jesus, come around this way, and bless my poor soul."

In this simple, touching manner, with streaming tears, she continued to plead for about two hours.

She was told to come directly to Christ and believe on him as her Saviour, and expect him to save her just as she was, and just then. At length she began to look away from herself to Christ, repeating: "I do believe in Jesus; he is my Saviour—yes, he is my Saviour—I now take Jesus to be my Saviour." The Lord soon set his seal to this faith, and spoke peace to her troubled soul. Her sad countenance lit up with a heavenly smile, and in a low, sweet strain she commenced singing,

I love Jesus, Hallelujah;
I love Jesus, yes I do.
I love Jesus, he's my Saviour;
Jesus smiles and loves me, too.

We offered her something to eat; but she replied: "I thank you a thousand times; but I could not eat one mouthful." She was so taken up with the sweet salvation, she wanted nothing else. We changed her wet garments for dry ones, and she went on her way rejoicing.

We first obtained access to this woman's heart by relieving her temporal wants. It is the only way we can reach the hearts of those who are freezing

and starving. The missionary who has only tracts and prayers to give, when the poor are suffering the want of all things, might as well stay at home. So our friends will see that the money and means they send to this mission is doing a two-fold work, as by relieving their temporal wants we get access to their souls. We have seen scores converted that we never could have reached in any other way.

A LOST ONE RECLAIMED.

While visiting on — street, found a young girl who ran away from home when but thirteen years of age, and entered a house of ill-fame. After a five-year course of sin, she was taken sick, and found a home with a kind friend, who had long sought to reclaim her from her evil ways.

In a previous sickness she had promised to break off from her sins ; and now, when death seemed to stare her in the face, her broken vows came up before her, and greatly disturbed her soul. While conversing with her we found her truly penitent. She prayed for herself, and promised again and again to lead a new life, if the Lord would only have mercy upon her.

At first the woman of the house seemed shy of us, and would leave the room as soon as we came in ; but although out of sight, she could not get out of hearing of the cries of the poor mourner pleading for mercy, as she could be distinctly heard all over the house, and in the street. We called again,

and found the mother of the sick one stopping with her. She, too, was living without God, and without hope. She promised to seek the Lord, and never to rest till she had found the "pearl of great price." When we again called, the mother and the girl's friend met us with the joyful news of their conversion. The old woman shouted aloud the praises of God. Thus they were both brought to Christ, while the sick one continued to mourn on in the dark. Her cries and pleadings were sometimes touching to witness. At length the Lord, who hath said: "Seek and ye shall find," and, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," set her feet upon the rock, and put the new song in her mouth even praises unto God. She married soon after, and went to house-keeping. One morning, some weeks after her conversion, when going through the building, we heard the voice of prayer; on going in, we found the convert having family worship. Praise be to God for a salvation that can reach the vilest of sinners, and make them new creatures in Christ Jesus.

HARRY.

"Others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."

One day as we were visiting on Thirtieth street, we saw a man sitting on the steps of a house, looking sick and forsaken. We stopped to talk with him, and found that he had been afflicted several months, and was yet unsaved. When asked if he did not feel his need of religion. He appeared disgusted, and

said he was as good as those who professed religion, and he thought the most of them were backsliders or hypocrites. On inquiry, we found that he lived with his mother and a younger brother, who were very unkind to him.

The mother professed religion; but they were all very wicked, often quarreled fearfully, and were a dread to all who knew them. Once, when in a brawl, Tom, the younger brother, tried to take Harry's life, by cutting his throat with a razor, and carried the deadly weapon in his pocket for a month, waiting an opportunity to destroy him, but was prevented.

After hearing him relate his worldly troubles, we again tried to turn his attention to religion, but he became quite angry, and replied: "I can take care of my own soul. I will stand as good a chance of getting to Heaven as the folks who profess religion." This did not discourage us, as we are used to having sinners meet us with words like these; but we had not visited Harry many times before we found that we had a very hard case on hand. Two or three times he wept, and showed signs of penitence; but usually, when the subject of religion was introduced, he would become angry and leave the house.

One day when we called to see him he fled to a stable near by. We followed him to the yard, but he had concealed himself. We returned to the house and left a message with his married sister, who

lived in the front part of the same building. We said : "Tell Harry if he loses his soul, we will be a witness against him in the judgment. The Lord sent us here this morning to pray for him. We have come a long way this hot day with the hope of seeing him and helping him to Christ. There are many sick ones who want to see us, and welcome us to their homes, but he ran away ; he had better not take so much pains to be damned."

The next time we called we came on him unawares. He was very poorly, and was sitting in the house with his head resting on a chair. We first inquired tenderly after his health, and also his bodily wants. We had brought him some delicate food ; he seemed much pleased with it, and was quite tender until we asked about his soul, when he replied gruffly : "My soul is well enough." "Do you mean to say you have experienced religion?" "No ; but my soul is all right." "Well, if your soul is all right, you are prepared to die ; you are almost to the crossing-place of the river. Do you feel that you are ready?" He replied : "I do not want you to come here and tell me I am going to die ; I am getting *better*. But this talk about dying makes me worse ; it is enough to make any one feel bad to keep talking to him about dying."

He said much more, growing more angry while he talked, or rather whispered ; for his voice was so far gone that we had to put our ear to his face to understand him. We told him his dread of death was a

strong evidence that he was not saved. But he would hear no more, and arose hastily, and, with the help of his cane, tried to get out of the door ; but he was so weak, he could hardly walk. His feet were swollen to an enormous size. We saw that he was nearly gone, and thought very likely it was the last time we should see him alive, so we determined to pray with him, if possible. We stepped in before him and kept him from going out, told him we had come to pray with him, that it was the enemy of his soul that made him feel so enraged. He turned and threw himself on his bed. We knelt down, and O, what a love we felt for his soul ! We wept, and prayed, and told the Lord all about him—how hard Satan was trying to destroy him, and what pains Jesus had taken to save him. While we were praying his heart was touched ; he wept and seemed quite penitent. This was the turning-point. From that hour he seemed anxious to see us. One afternoon we had been in the lower part of the city, laboring with the sick, who, like Harry, were just ready to pass into eternity, but were still unsaved. The weather was very hot, the rooms small, with but little ventilation, and we had been breathing the impure air for hours, and were feeling sick and faint. We halted at a street corner and held a short consultation whether it was best to go on and see Harry that day. We stood as if held to the spot, undecided what to do. He might still be alive, and this might be our last chance. We felt very weary, and it would be very painful for

us to be shut up in the little close sick-room an hour or two or more. But what was that when compared with the loss of a soul. We dared not go home, so we took the next car that came along, and went again to see poor Harry.

We found him seated on a stool, with his head resting on a chair, apparently asleep. We inquired of his mother how he was. When he heard our voice his lips quivered, and the tears began to stream down his face. He called for his mother, and told her to help him into bed, as he wanted us to pray for him. We seated ourselves by his side, and read a portion of Scripture. He listened eagerly, and seemed to receive it as from God. We found the Lord present to save; but the conflict with the powers of darkness was terrible. It seemed for about two hours all heaven and hell were in contest over that soul. If we felt our strength failing, and stopped praying, he would cry out: "Oh! pray, pray, do pray on! God is helping me. Hold on! Jesus will save me, but the devil wants me?" Then we would pray again—first one, then the other.

All this time he was calling on God for mercy, in an agony as though soul and body would part. Sometimes the blessing would seem near; then again he would cry out: "O pray, do pray! the devil is trying to get me! O, *send him away!* send him away! bid the devil leave me!" He continued to call on God; the enemy was conquered; light broke into his soul, and while we were singing,

Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky ;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly—

he began to praise the Lord. He could only whisper, and said much that we could not understand ; but we could distinctly hear him say : “ Jesus is my Saviour ; God is *my God*—yes, he is *my God*. I am not afraid to die now. I have served the devil very faithfully for many years ; now I am going to serve God with all my heart.” He lived several days after this in the same happy frame of mind. He was much concerned for his mother and brother, often exhorting them to break off from their sins and turn to the Lord. Just before he died, he said to his brother : “ O, Tom, get ready, get ready, so that you will meet me there in the *Getting-up Morning*.” His conversion made a wonderful change in the family, and sent conviction among the unsaved in the neighborhood.

A notoriously wicked woman, who had been visited by the missionaries, and was under some conviction for religion, hearing that Harry, one of her comrades in sin, was converted, became more alarmed about her own soul, and left word for us to call and pray with her. One afternoon the missionaries met at her room, and held a little prayer-meeting. While they were praying, she seemed to get a view of her own wickedness, cried bitterly, confessing her sins, and promising to lead a new life, if God would have

mercy and forgive her. After praying for some time, she was told to believe on Jesus, and began to repeat words of faith and trust, until "the Spirit answered to the blood, and told her she was born of God." Her neighbors, bad and good, came to her room and looked on; some joined in the shouts of praise, and sinners wept; but none doubted the reality of the change.

A few days after, we called to see her and found her very happy in the Lord. She said her wicked neighbors and old companions in sin had called to see her, hoping to find her the same as before. "But," said she, "I told them, as best I could in broken words, what Jesus had done for my soul, and those who came to laugh and ridicule, went out that door crying. Ah!" she continued, "they all know what a wicked woman I have been. I was not one of those who appeared good before folks, and was devil behind their backs; but I was devil every where—devil all the while."

SAMUEL.

One day, when engaged in our mission-work, we called on a woman who seemed overjoyed at seeing us. "Oh!" she said, "I am *so* glad you have come. I have been praying for a long time for the Lord to

send you here. I want you to go and see Sammy. He is very sick and going to die, but he ain't ready. He's dreadful wicked, and don't seem to care what becomes of his soul. He is a cousin to Harry, and just such a hard case. I heard that you visited Harry, and he was converted, so I thought if I could only get Sammy into your hands, he would get religion too."

We told the poor woman that *we* could not convert anybody, but the *Lord* could save the vilest sinner, and melt the hardest heart. She gave me his number, and we called on him soon after. We found him in a most wretched condition. He was alone, without food or fire, and the weather very cold. We furnished him with these necessaries, and then tenderly inquired into the state of his soul. Poor Sammy! he had sown to the flesh, and now, on his death-bed, he was just beginning to reap the sad harvest; but we found him a true penitent, earnestly desiring to find the Saviour.

One day when we called and inquired how he was getting along, he replied: "O, I don't know; there is something that troubles me and prevents me coming to Jesus." We asked if he wished to see any particular person to talk with them, or if he had any confession to make to any one; and he said he had.

He was a married man; but some years before, on account of his wife's bad conduct, they had quarreled and separated; and now, when he was trying to make his peace with God, he felt that he must ask her

forgiveness before the Lord would receive him. We advised him to send for his wife and make all necessary confessions, which he did soon after.

The trouble with his wife, however, was not the only difficulty in the way of the poor sinner's conversion. His mother, who was his only attendant, though a professor of religion, was an intemperate woman, and much of the time incapable of giving him proper care. After we began to labor with Sammy, she became wonderfully interested in the welfare of his soul, and at times, when under the influence of liquor, she would pray for and exhort him, until he would become so annoyed and disgusted, that he would grow impatient and speak sharply to her, thus grieving the Spirit, and stopping the work of grace in his own soul.

One day when we called, his mother being out, he unburdened his mind to us, saying that he felt quite discouraged, and despaired of ever being saved while surrounded by such evil influences. He asked if he could not be taken to some hospital. This, however, was impossible, as he was too weak to be removed. We told him that the Lord was both able and willing to save him there, and that he must look away from his surroundings, get his eye fixed on *Jesus*, and cry for mercy until the Lord came to his help. This he promised to do. When we again called, we found him very low, but still striving to get to the Lord. As we commenced singing the mother began her *religious exercise*. We silenced her,

and continued singing and praying with him, until the Lord came to his relief. We left him feeling greatly encouraged and comforted, but not fully satisfied. Soon after we held another season of prayer with him, and he received the blessed assurance of sins forgiven, and praised the Lord for a long time. The last words *we* heard him say were: "*I am all ready to die now.*" Sammy had a brother, a moral, respectable young man, who lived some distance from the city. This brother came a few days before Sammy's death, and took the entire care of him. He died in his arms, his last words being an exhortation to this brother to meet him in Heaven.

WILLIAM H.

William H—— was a young man of education and refinement, and possessed of remarkable intelligence. His friends asked us to visit him and labor for the salvation of his soul. We found him suffering extremely in body and mind. He was afflicted with that most painful of all diseases, a cancer, and was "without God and without hope in the world."

When we inquired into the state of his soul, he said that he was not prepared to die, but was seeking the Lord and did not intend to give up until he found the Saviour. He seemed deeply grateful for our visit,

and urged us to come often, which we did, always using every means for his conversion ; but something seemed to stand between him and the blessing.

He had a frail, delicate wife, and a beautiful child about two years old. It was hard for him to consent to die and leave these dear ones in this cold, unfriendly world. He knew too well the hardships and sorrows that awaited them, and he clung to life for their sakes. For many weeks he was seeking the Lord "with weeping and with supplication." At length the last point was yielded, wife and child given up, and his whole heart said "not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done." Then the power of God came on him, and salvation like a river flowed through his soul, washing away every sin, and filling his poor broken heart with joy and gladness.

What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day ;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wash your sins away.

The once sorrowful and careworn countenance was changed to that of happiness and resignation. From the hour of his conversion until his death, which was several months after, the language of his heart seemed to be,

O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet !

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away—
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

They were in very destitute circumstances, often suffering the want of all things. When we first visited them William was under the doctor's care, and quite sick enough to be confined to his bed ; but he kept up and labored at light work, trying to provide for his invalid wife and helpless child until he was unable to leave the house. When he could no longer work, the support of the family came on his aged widowed mother, who was much needed as a nurse in that distressed household, but being the only one who was able to work, stern necessity demanded that she should do what she could to keep the family from starvation. Could she have worked during the day and been allowed to stay with her family at night she could have assisted much in caring for the sick. But failing to find employment nearer home, she was obliged to go at service with a family residing many miles from the city. And as it cost about three dollars to go and return, she could only visit her poor sick son about once in four or five weeks. Then with what remained of her month's wages she relieved their most pressing wants. But there was rent and doctor's bills to pay, fuel and provisions to buy, besides medicines and many other things necessary for the sick, so that her scanty earnings could do but little toward meeting the many wants of the family.

With the money and provision given us for the poor we supplied them with many comforts during the winter months. But having so many sick ones to help, and so little means at our disposal, oftentimes we are obliged to witness hear-trending scenes of suffering, which we are unable to relieve; and thus it was in the case of William.

At one time we called and found his wife lying on the floor in spasms, mostly unconscious, but every few minutes she would revive a little and say, "Did I hear William say that he was hungry; did anyone give him his breakfast? Where is little Georgia; is she hungry, too?" We soon learned the cause of this distress; the poor creature had watched over her sick husband all night alone. It was then eleven o'clock, and none of them had eaten breakfast, and there was neither food nor fuel in the house. Exhausted from the want of sleep and food, and knowing there was nothing for her husband and child, she sank under the weight of woe in the condition in which we found her. William was in a little dark bedroom, trying to dress his cancer, which painful task he had always to perform himself, as his wife would faint when she attempted it, and she was his only nurse. Little Georgia sat playing with some toys, happily unconscious of the wretchedness that surrounded her. We stood looking on this affecting scene, wondering what could be done, as we had no means with which to relieve them, when suddenly there was a knock at the door, and a lady entered

followed by a boy, who carried a large basket well filled with fruits, meats and vegetables. She left two dollars with which to purchase fuel, and promised to send a basket of groceries, and also some one to help them.

We learned that William had formerly lived seven years with this lady, who, hearing of their destitution, had come to their relief. She was a stranger to us, but we looked upon her as an angel of mercy, and felt to exclaim with the Psalmist: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

A stroke of paralysis terminated the sufferings of poor William a few days after this, and he no longer needed assistance from earthly friends. He died much sooner than we expected he would. Had the disease run its course, he must have lived many months longer, a poor sufferer, but the Lord in mercy took him to himself the latter part of the month of October, so that he spent the following bitter cold winter in the "Paradise of God," where

No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

After the stroke he was unconscious the most of the time; but just before he breathed his last, he said to his wife: "I am dying, and going to Heaven."

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."

CHAPTER III.

DEATH-BED TRIUMPHS.

ELIZABETH D.

IN an old tenement house, surrounded by poverty, we found this child of sorrow. She was in the first stage of consumption, suffering extremely from a bad sore on one of her limbs, and in a delicate condition otherwise. The hard times had reduced them to the most extreme poverty. The husband—a sober, industrious man—could find no work, except occasionally a catch-job, by which he was enabled to earn a few shillings. There were four small children to be clothed and fed, rent to pay, fuel to buy, etc. Hence the sick wife and aged grandmother were obliged to work beyond their strength when fortunate enough to get a little washing and ironing to do. The poor creature was unprepared to die, but confessed her need of religion, and the tears coursed down her cheeks as we talked with her about the sinner's Friend. We prayed with her, and urged her to set about seeking her soul's salvation without delay.

We continued our visits, and for a few months gave them such assistance as we could ; but having only a little money with which to help the many needy ones we were visiting, we were often obliged to witness heart-sickening scenes of suffering, which our limited means would not permit us to relieve. At one time we found her in great bodily distress, the tears streaming down her face, while her bony fingers were employed in sewing on an old garment which we had given her ; this she was trying to fix over into a dress for one of the children. The grandmother was pouring hot water over some dry bread-crusts, which were to serve for their dinner. When asked if that was all they had to eat, she replied, "Yes, and this the children begged, and we are very thankful for it ; but poor Libbie can't eat it, her appetite is so very poor. I wish I had something that she could eat." When we inquired how it was with her soul, she said she was trying to get to the Lord, but her bodily sufferings were so great, together with her family cares and temporal distresses, that it seemed about impossible to keep her mind fixed on eternal things. And indeed, when we looked at her surroundings, we could not wonder that it was so.

At this time, not only Elizabeth, but many other poor sick ones, were so pinched with cold and hunger, that it seemed about useless to labor for the conversion of their souls until we could relieve their bodily wants. We carried our burden to the Lord, and

asked him to move some one to send us help. We remembered one person, who, on giving us a large donation for the poor a year before, had said, "When you get in a strait place let me know," or something to that effect. We thought surely this is a strait place, and although we felt delicate about applying so soon to one who had done so much, we resolved to write a few lines, stating facts, and leave the event with the Lord. Before our letter had time to reach its destination, we received one from that same individual, with an order for *two hundred dollars* enclosed. Thank God there are some souls who live within speaking distance of the Lord ; and who, with their ear turned toward the throne, say, "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth." We felt quite rich, and resolved to make that two hundred dollars last until spring, by using only fifty of it each month ; thus keeping something on hand for the relief of the sick and extreme cases of suffering. We did so, and many were the baskets of delicacies that poor Elizabeth and others of the starving sick enjoyed from that bounty. The Lord bless the donor ; we are not allowed to give the name, or we should be more than glad to do so. But let not those who have given less, feel that their offerings are not appreciated. Every remittance to this mission, however small the sum, if it be but ten cents, seems to come as directly from the Lord to help some special case of distress then on hand. And so with the clothing. Each box and barrel seems to contain *just the very things* we need for some poor sick or destitute one.

After the donations were sent in to the mission that winter, we were enabled to clothe Elizabeth and the little ones quite comfortably. The boxes and barrels contained garments for each of the children, which seemed to have been sent in expressly for them. Even the wee babe was not forgotten ; but its stay in this vale of tears was only four weeks, just long enough to show

How sweet a flower in Paradise would bloom.

One of the boxes contained a nice warm double-gown and a skirt ; in these we wrapped the skeleton form of the poor consumptive mother. This timely aid of food and clothing seemed to give her a little strength, and although unable to stand on her feet, she tried to assist the grandmother in washing and ironing while sitting in her chair ; but her delicate frame soon sunk under this effort to labor, and she was again prostrated on her bed, which she never left until released by death.

After our supplies for the poor were exhausted, she again often suffered extremely for want of proper nourishment ; but in the midst of all her trials, she was earnestly seeking the Lord, and did finally, through much tribulation, enter the kingdom of grace. This was about four weeks before she died. We were not present when the Lord spoke peace to her soul, but as we entered her room a day or two after, she reached out her hand (while glory and victory beamed from her countenance),

exclaiming: "I have found Jesus! O, glory! I have found Jesus!"

We asked when Jesus came to her soul. She replied, "Wednesday afternoon I had a poor spell, and thought I was going to die; I began to think I must make haste and get to Jesus before it was too late; then I began more earnestly than ever before to call on the Lord for help, all alone by myself. Pretty soon I saw my blessed Jesus right there (pointing to the foot of her bed), and he spoke peace to my soul. Precious Jesus! Glory be to his holy name! When the glory came in my soul, I lost my strength, and mother, thinking I was fainting or dying, began to put vinegar and water on my face to revive me; but when I could speak, I said: 'I don't want no more vinegar on my face; I'm all right, I'm talking to my Jesus; he has forgiven all my sins. Bless his holy name!' O, glory, glory, glory to his name. I ain't had any pain in my body since I found my Jesus. he has taken it all away. O, glory to his name. Now I'm all ready to die any time. Mo her elis me mustn't talk or praise the Lord so much, for it hurts me. Well, glory to my Jesus, if it makes me go home quicker, amen, for I *must* praise my blessed Saviour." She then asked after two of the missionaries, who were away in the country. "Oh!" said she, "write and tell them what Jesus has done for my soul. How I wish I could have one shout with them before I cross over. And the good minister (Brother

Parry), who often comes and prays with me, and baptized and buried my baby, tell him I want to see him. I want to tell him what Jesus has done for my soul." As we were about to leave, we placed a small sum of money in her hand. "Ah," said she, "it won't be long that I shall need money, food or clothing; I'll soon be in my Father's house, where there's a plenty, and I'll be clothed with righteousness. O glory, glory! Well," she continued, "my Lord only knows how much I've suffered for food since I've been sick; but now, when I get hungry, and haven't anything to eat, I feed on Jesus."

For over half an hour she talked in this strain, and her voice, which had been so feeble, was loud and strong. At another time when we called she said: "I'm all ready and waiting. I'm almost home. When I'm gone, if you ever want to see me you'll have to come to glory, for I'll be there. O, glory to my Jesus! and when you come here and look on my dead body, you may think—Elizabeth is in glory!" In this triumphant state of mind she continued to the very last. It is impossible to repeat half of the burning words that fell from her lips.

When dying, she was conscious that the time of her departure was at hand, and was very desirous of seeing the missionaries once more before she died. We were sent for, but did not receive the message until after her death. Her mother said she praised the Lord as long as she could speak, and just before she breathed her last, she said: "I'm going now

soon, and you'll have to watch close or I'll slip away when you don't know it. Old Jordan is going to be calm when I cross over. Tell the missionary sisters I've gone Home." Presently they noticed she had ceased breathing. Just when she passed away they did not know. "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

CONVERSION OF MARY LONES.

We were requested to visit a young woman, nearly gone with consumption, who resisted every effort that was made to bring her to Christ. We went, trusting in the Lord for help. She received us respectfully, but seemed quite careless about her soul. The Spirit of the Lord soon touched her heart, and she became distressed on account of her sins; at one time while praying with her she began to plead in real earnest for herself, and continued in prayer until she could say, "I am the Lord's, and he is mine." A sweet peace settled down on her soul, and soon after, she received the clear witness that her sins were forgiven. Although she was very weak, and could hardly speak above a whisper, yet when the Lord set the seal of his Spirit to the work wrought in her soul, her shouts of victory could be heard through the entire building.

She soon began to yearn for entire sanctification ; and her soul was greatly drawn out in prayer for the blessing. At one time we read to her the fourth chapter of 1st John, and encouraged her to look to be made perfect in love, to believe for it and expect it every moment until it was given. "Oh !" said she, "that is just what I need, and I am praying for it all the while"—although she did not know the name of the blessing she was seeking. She had many conflicts with the powers of darkness before she obtained this victory. At length the all-cleansing touch was given. It was about five o'clock one Sabbath evening a few weeks before her death. Her soul had been much drawn out in prayer all day for *purity of heart*. She said the Spirit fell on her, and seemed to go through both soul and body. She had been confined to her bed—and was so weak we thought she would never again stand on her feet ; but when she received this blessing she not only had the use of her voice, but walked the floor back and forth, shouting aloud, "Glory to God." We were told that she had naturally a fiery disposition, but after this baptism she was all patience, resignation, love and praise. Her sufferings were very great toward the last, but not a murmur or complaint was ever heard. Neither tongue nor pen can describe some of the scenes witnessed in that little room. From the time that she received the blessing of perfect love, until her death, her sky was unclouded, her conversation in heaven, and her experience, although a young convert, was that of a

mature christian. Her light on the things of God and the state of deceived professors of religion was wonderful. She seemed to have an unclouded view of her heavenly inheritance, and longed to depart and be with Christ. On one occasion when we were singing,

Filled with delight my raptured soul,
Would here no longer stay,
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I launch away—

she raised her hand in triumph, and repeated the word "*fearless, fearless,*" while glory unspeakable beamed from her countenance. At times when talking or singing of her heavenly home, she appeared more like an inhabitant of heaven than of earth. She was truly the most beautiful, angelic-looking being we ever saw. She died in triumph. Was conscious to the last, and whispered, "I walk through the valley in peace;" then pointing to each one that stood around her bed, she raised her hand as if to say, "meet me in heaven." She then folded her hands on her breast, looked up, *smiled*, and was gone.

Glory to God and the Lamb forever, another safely landed.

ROBERT HILLS.

One day, while visiting in Thirtieth street, we found this young man very low with consumption. A few months previous he had been married in North Carolina, and shortly after coming to New York he was taken sick, and went to the hospital to receive medical treatment. He stayed there only two weeks, and when he had again commenced housekeeping he began work and continued in the service of a private family until three weeks before his death.

When we found him he was extremely weak in body, yet seemed very anxious about his soul. He was unable to talk to us that day, but we failed not to call upon him the following morning. When we questioned him about his soul he whispered, "I'm not ready to die; I want religion." We told him the Lord was willing and ready to save him that hour, but he looked doubtful and seemed to think he must repent more and have a hard struggle.

As we sang,

Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live, &c.,

he began to weep violently, exclaiming with every breath, "Lord have mercy on my soul!" We joined in prayer with him, realized much of the presence of God, and felt that Jesus was ready and waiting

to save him just then. He listened attentively while we tried to explain the way of faith. While we were talking he asked for a glass of water. We then said to him, "Mr. Hills, salvation is as free for you as this water," and then turned to the last chapter of Revelation and read, "And the Spirit and the bride say, come ; and let him that heareth say, come ; and let him that is athirst, come ; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "When we handed you the glass of water you took it and drank ; we could not drink for you, that was your part of the work." "Yes," he replied. "Well now, do just so with the water of life. God holds it out to you and says, 'Take it, take it *freely*,' the act of coming and taking is yours." He fixed his eyes on us with an eager gaze, as though new light was breaking on his mind. We then asked, "Do you doubt whether you are ready to receive Jesus?" and again read the promise, "Let him that is athirst come." "Are you athirst? How is your will? Are you willing to be saved?" He quickly replied, with tears in his eyes, "Yes, O yes!" "Then you are the very man to whom the Saviour is speaking. He is holding out the water of life to *you*, and tells you to drink." His face lit up with a heavenly smile as he said, "I see, I see now." "Do you take it now?" He replied, "I do." His sadness had fled, and joy and peace overspread his countenance.

His sky was unclouded from that hour. A short time after this he said to a friend, "Some way

most people make such hard work getting to Jesus, but I got religion *so* easy." One day as his wife entered the room she found him clapping his hands and praising the Lord.

On the day of his death he said, "I feel that all things are right between me and God. My way is clear from earth to glory." On being questioned more closely as to his soul's safety he replied, "I testify to what I *know*, Jesus forgives my sins." On seeing his wife's grief he asked why she wept, and then laughed for joy, saying, "I am going home. This is the end of the race."

CONVERSION OF MRS. GREEN.

We found this woman in a back building, over a stable with a high fence in front, so that the building was entirely hid from the street. In this secluded place she was gradually going down to the grave with consumption, being unprepared, and, apparently, unconcerned about her soul.

It was a remarkable providence that first led us to find her. We had often passed the place—when visiting on this street—without suspecting any one lived there. One day while visiting through a high building opposite, we discovered this house, and on inquiry were told that a colored coachman lived

there, and that his wife was sick. We went immediately to the place, rapped at the high gate, and was admitted. The man received us with a respectful bow, and led the way to the house.

We first entered through the stable, which was elegantly finished. From this we ascended one flight of stairs, which led to the apartments where the coachman lived. The sick one was neatly dressed, sitting in an easy chair, at work on some light fabric. Two beautiful little girls, tastefully dressed, were playing with their dolls, unconscious of the great loss they must so soon sustain. The little parlor was remarkable for neatness and order. The husband was a sober, industrious man, a good provider, and seemed to have a great affection for his family. Many of the colored people of New York City are *beautiful, intelligent, and refined*. Mrs. Green belonged to this class. She was graceful and dignified in her manners, a lady in every respect. She received us cordially, but when approached on the subject of religion, was cold and distant, and through all our first visits, although polite and respectful, her manners seemed to say, I wish you would stay away. But this did not discourage us. We had met with many cases of the kind before.

Her husband, although an unconverted man, was deeply concerned for her, and begged us to call often. He said, "I don't profess religion myself, but I believe it necessary, and I know my wife must soon die, and I want her to be converted before she goes."

We continued to call, sing, read the Bible, and pray with her. For some weeks she seemed unwilling to admit the unwelcome truth that she must soon die. She clung to her husband and children. It was hard to give them up. She hoped to get well. At length the Lord awakened her to see her lost condition, and she told her husband she wanted to see the missionaries. We called and found her truly penitent. The great deep of the heart was broken up. She cried long and loud for mercy, but did not find peace at that time. Shortly after, in a little meeting of the missionaries held in her room, she was powerfully converted. She had a hard struggle with the powers of darkness and unbelief, but when husband, children, and all were surrendered, faith won the victory, the long-sought blessing was given, and her soul clearly saved. She walked the floor clapping her hands and exclaiming, "It's so easy! It's so easy!" She lived but one week after her conversion: Just as she was crossing the river she said, "Oh! how good Jesus is to me!"

LAURA.

We first met this young woman while distributing tracts on Thirty-third street. She was about twenty-one years of age, and very fond of gay society. Her life of dissipation had ruined her health, and con-

sumption was slowly but surely taking her to an early grave. She had been confined to the house for several months.

During the first of her sickness, her mother, a Christian woman, talked with her frequently, and entreated her to give her heart to God, and get ready for death ; but her heart was hard and wicked. Her angry words and defiant manner at length discouraged the mother, and she thought best to say no more to her, as it only seemed to make her worse ; but she cried the more to God in secret, to have mercy on her dying prodigal child.

About this time two of our missionaries called. Her mother said she was afraid to have them speak to her about religion, lest she should give them an insolent reply ; but to her great surprise, she was very respectful and much affected ; confessed her need of a change of heart, and seemed anxious to hear about a Saviour. From this time her mother noticed a marked change ; she was thoughtful, serious, and oftentimes gloomy.

One day, seeing her look uncommonly anxious and troubled, she said : " Laura, what are you thinking about ? Do you want to see the missionaries again ?" She replied : " Yes, if they come into the building, tell them I want to see them." They called soon after, and found her deeply penitent, groaning to be delivered. They encouraged her to pray for herself, and expect the Lord to save her then and there. As they began to call on the Lord to help,

she broke out in an agony of prayer for herself, and continued to cry, like blind Bartimeus, until Jesus granted her heart's desire, and set her soul at liberty.

She was sitting in an easy-chair, supported with pillows, too weak to kneel ; but when the life-giving word was spoken, the resurrection power seemed to go through both soul and body. She shouted : "Glory to God," and springing to her feet, she walked the floor, clapping her hands, saying : "Jesus, O Jesus, precious Jesus !"

From her conversion until her death this was her theme. She often asked us to sing,

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon,

with the chorus,

All the way along it is Jesus.

The glory in her soul appeared in her countenance, and often, when singing and conversing, her face would glow with a heavenly radiance which was truly angelic.

With the new creation of soul, her body received a touch of strengthening power, and for some weeks she was very comfortable, during which time we held a weekly meeting in her little room, when she would improve the time in testifying for Jesus. One young woman who witnessed her joy unspeakable, was struck under conviction and converted, and soon after fell asleep in Jesus.

Laura's death was triumphant. When the messenger came, her lamp was burning. Just as she was going, she tried to sing,

All the way along it is Jesus,

and repeated the words, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," with her dying breath.

Her features were fixed in death with a triumphant smile, which clearly indicated the unutterable bliss which she experienced even while soul and body were parting. "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

SOLOMON CLIFF.

One night when holding a meeting on Thirty-third street, we were told that a very wicked man lay sick in the adjoining building. He had been confined to his room for several months, during which time he would allow no one to call and talk with him about his soul. It seems he had looked at the unchristian conduct of many church members, and had become disgusted with even the name of religion. He received us coldly at first, but after our first visit seemed glad to see us, and wanted some meetings held in his room.

In one of these meetings, while one present was

speaking of the power of true religion to change the hardest heart and make the worst of sinners new creatures in Christ, that all who have the new heart always lead a new life, that when we see folks professing religion who lie, cheat and deceive, and are light, trifling and worldly, we might know that they were strangers to true religion, his eye was fastened on the speaker every moment, and from that hour the stumbling-block was removed. At the close of the meeting he told us that he was a believer in that kind of religion, and that he felt his need of the great change, and promised never to rest until he knew his sins forgiven.

From that time he was a true mourner, and He who hath said, "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted," fulfilled his promise and filled his heart with joy unspeakable and full of glory. We called to see him soon after the Lord spoke peace to his soul. His mother said he slept none, but continued to cry to God for mercy all night. About three o'clock in the morning his burden was removed, and peace like a river filled his soul. Before this he had been very fretful, the noise and dust disturbed him much, but that morning he said, "Now, mother, you may make just as much noise and dust as you please, nothing disturbs me now, I have found Jesus."

We shall never forget his look as he held out his hand, saying, "I have found the Lord." His whole appearance was unearthly. When asked "Do

you believe that Jesus has saved you?" he replied, "I *know it*." "You believe he can save anybody since he has saved you?" The tears streamed down his face as he said, "O yes! *anybody, everybody, all the world!*"

He was soon after convicted for the blessing of entire sanctification. So clear was the light that shone on the farther work to be wrought in his soul, that at times he was in great heaviness and almost doubted the work of justification. This conflict lasted several days, when the Lord cut short the work in righteousness and filled his soul with that perfect love that casteth out all fear. From this time his experience was,

Not a cloud doth arise
To darken my skies,
Or hide for one moment
The Lord from my eyes.

He often asked us to sing that beautiful hymn,

My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run,
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

CHORUS—O come, angel band,
Come and around me stand,
O bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.

He now sank rapidly, took to his bed immediately, and died a few days afterward. For some hours

before he died, when he seemed to notice nothing around him, if he opened his eyes and saw any of us by his bedside he would whisper, "Jesus." On one occasion, when he recovered from a fainting fit, he said to his mother, "O what a blessed time I have had." His last word was "Jesus." The conversion of this man was a wonderful work of God's grace. He was widely known among the wicked, and was a ring-leader among them. His death made a deep impression on the minds of the people. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

CONVERSION OF WILLIAM R.

When we first found this man, lying sick with consumption, he manifested but little concern about his soul, but seemed to think he would soon recover. We told him that we thought he would die, and he must set about getting ready as soon as possible. We read and then sang that solemn hymn,

While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah soon, approaching night,
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

An unusual degree of the Spirit rested upon us while singing and praying with him. He wept bitterly, and prayed for himself, but we could hardly tell whether his grief was godly sorrow or discouragement at the thought that he must die. We visited him for several days, and did all we could to relieve his sufferings which were extreme. He was wasted to a mere skeleton, his bones were worn through his skin from lying on a hard pallet, from which he seemed to suffer more than from his disease. We bought him a bed and made him quite comfortable. After this he allowed us to talk very plainly with him about his soul, and was soon deeply awakened and seemed all in earnest to get to Christ.

So great was his distress of soul that his body sank very rapidly. We greatly feared that death would do its work before the poor heavy laden sinner found peace. He had been a very wicked man, a notorious drunkard, and had abused his wife and family shamefully. It seemed to be hard work for him to believe that Jesus would have mercy on one so vile as he. We assured him that God was no respecter of persons, that Jesus had died for all, even the chief of sinners, and it was his duty to believe it; and to doubt the willingness of Christ to save him would be a greater sin than all the rest. One encouraging feature in his case was, that he seemed unwilling to take up with anything short of a clear evidence of his conversion. One afternoon, as we left him, we repeated that verse,

Believe in him who died for thee,
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

The next morning we found him rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour. The first words he said to us were, "I have *found Jesus*, I have *found Jesus*."

He lived several weeks after his conversion, then died in triumph, exclaiming, "I see Jesus, I see Jesus."

Drunkards, for you he shed his blood,
Your basest crimes he bore,
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.

CONVERSION AND TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF MR. CALAMAN.

While distributing tracts through a tenement house on Twenty-sixth Street, we found a man in the first stage of consumption, confined to the house, but not to his bed. He was intelligent, refined, industrious, and a good provider when able to work. His wife, although in poor health, was a hard-working woman. Their little room, though scantily furnished, was remarkable for order and neatness. Two beautiful little girls, clean, and tastefully dressed, were play

ing in one corner of the room, unconscious of the sorrow that filled their parents' hearts.

The sick man was unsaved, but seemed glad to converse about his soul. Said he needed religion, and was glad to have us pray for him. He commenced from that hour to seek the Lord. We called on him often. At times he would receive some comfort, and then fall back into unbelief. He was of a doubting, fearful turn of mind. But Jesus knows no hard cases.

Finally one day while we were singing and praying with him, he received the clear witness of the Spirit, and could sing,

I know that my Redeemer lives—

What joy the blest assurance gives.

On Tuesday, the eleventh of the month, he thought he was dying, and asked to have the missionaries sent for, as he wanted to have them sing. It rained, but we went to him immediately. When he saw us, he began to praise the Lord, and said: "O I am so glad you have come. I was afraid you would not. I wanted to see you so much once more before I go; but I felt sure if I did not see you here, I should meet you on the other shore. I will soon be there. I thought I was just going an hour or two ago, and O, how I wanted to hear some one sing; but my wife was so overcome, she could not." We asked: "Is there any particular hymn you wish to have sung?" He replied: "Yes." We then sang,

O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste;
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

While we were singing this and several other hymns, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable. Heaven seemed full in view, and his soul just on the wing to go. After a terrible paroxysm of pain and fainting, he said: "Now lay me down that I may go easy." We expected every moment would be his last, but he revived again, and said: "When I am gone, look after my wife. She is a good woman, and has not left a stone unturned in caring for me." Then he added: "I had expected to die on the thirteenth, but I guess I will go to-day. I had a vision a short time ago. I saw my wife in a beautiful dress about to be married; there was a large company and bands of music—O, such music I never heard!" As he said this, the tears flowed, and his face lit up with a heavenly smile as he repeated: "O, such music I never heard before, and it was the thirteenth, and I thought that is the day I shall die. But I seem to be going before; it is all well, however."

After staying with him about an hour, we again commended him to God in prayer, bid him fare-

well, and left, promising to meet him on the other shore.

We did not think he would live more than an hour or two at the longest; but strange as it may seem, he lived until the thirteenth, and died at half-past nine in the morning, as easy as though falling asleep, but kept his confidence firm to the last.

His wife is a devoted Christian, and we doubt not, on that day the Lord fulfilled his promise to the poor widow: "Thy Maker is thy husband." Isa. liv. 5.

CHARLES FREEMAN, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

We had known this man some length of time before his conversion. He was notoriously wicked—given to gambling, drinking, fighting, Sabbath-breaking, swearing and all manner of sin. One day, when the missionaries were calling on his family, he returned home very much intoxicated, with his face bruised and swollen from a recent fight. Seeing them about to leave the room as he came in, he said, "Ladies, you ain't going away without praying, are you? Oh, do pray before you go. If you will I will get right down on my knees." As he behaved civilly, they complied with his request,

and had much liberty in asking the Lord to help the poor sinner to break off from his sins. When they arose he was weeping and thanked them for praying for him.

After he was confined to his room with his last sickness, we called often, and labored with him faithfully, but we found him a hard case indeed. We think the Lord Jesus never saved a soul that was nearer hell than Charles Freeman. His old master had fast hold of him, while his besetting sins, like so many strong chains, bound and held him back from Christ. Although so wicked he often seemed glad to see us, and often expressed a desire for religion. We told him plainly that he must break off from all his bad habits. His being confined to the house did not put him beyond the reach of these temptations, for he was surrounded by his wicked companions. The house in which he lived and the adjoining buildings were filled with the worst of characters. Fighting, drinking, gambling and carousing were carried on by day and night. In the earlier period of his sickness many of these thronged to his room to indulge, to say the least, in unprofitable conversation. But the Lord fastened conviction on his heart, so that he grew sick of sin, disgusted with all his neighbors, and even the sound of their drunken revels became distasteful to him. He, moreover, broke off from drinking, and the Lord so deepened conviction in his soul, that he saw himself the chief of sinners, and prayed earnestly for

mercy ; but was so liable to be overcome by his quick temper and habit of swearing, that he made slow progress in getting saved. These angry fits, yielded to, grieved the Spirit, deadened his convictions, cooled his desires, and left him in a stupid, careless state. He saw this, and confessed it with tears. We encouraged him to look to the Lord for help to overcome the wicked one, who actually possessed and led him captive at his will. Poor Freeman ! it was a hard battle he had to fight with the world, the flesh, and the devil, before he could get into the kingdom. His home, like that of the drunkard, was stripped of all comforts. When his emaciated body needed a soft bed, he had nothing but a hard pallet of straw ; and a piece of thin carpeting with two old coats, was all the covering he had during weeks of the coldest weather of winter. In short, he was destitute of about all the necessities of life when he most needed them.

One day we all went and had a season of prayer with him. The Lord gave us access to the throne ; Jesus seemed present to save, and we felt at that moment there was efficacy enough in his blood to wash away the sin of the entire world, but the enemy powerfully withstood, and for a time, seemed to defeat us. Like the demoniac in the gospel, when he was coming the devil thrust him down ; so in this case, just as poor Freeman was at the point of victory, his mind was disturbed and his attention called off by a circumstance very trying in its nature.

We saw the enemy in the whole affair, and told him that the devil, seeing him about to be saved, had "come down, having great wrath," knowing that his time was short. We encouraged him to look for the Lord to save him then and there. He again began to weep and pray; we looked to the Lord for help, and instead of praying, commanded the devil in the name of Jesus to leave him, and he was delivered that moment, and began to say, "Jesus is my Saviour, I do believe in him, and he does save me! I can now trust; he is my Saviour—*my Saviour!*" After giving him money to buy medicine and relieve their pressing wants, we left him, feeling assured the Lord would more fully set his seal to the work, which he did a few hours after, when he received the full witness of the Spirit, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The next time we called he was so happy he could hardly find words to express his joy. He said, when we commanded the devil to leave him, he felt the power of God go all through him, and was enabled at that moment to lay hold on Christ and claim him as his Saviour, which victory he kept to the last. At one time when we called, he said: "I am the happiest man that ever lived! but before I experienced religion this sick-bed was a wretched place. I was murmuring to my wife half of the time; nothing pleased me. Then the thought of dying and going to the judgment with such a wicked heart was misery enough, but now I know that Jesus saves me, and when I

die I shall go to live with him forever, and this is happiness enough. All is right now. If I have anything to eat all is well ; or if I have nothing to eat, *all is well.*" At another time he said, "Oh ! what a wonder that I am saved ; I was going straight to hell, but now I have turned about and am on the road to heaven. I would not give what I now feel for all this world ; my bed is hard, I lie here in this open house, the wind blows around my head, I shiver with the cold, but what of that ? I am just as happy as I can live in the body. My physician comes to see me often ; he reads the Bible and explains it to me, and prays with me. Oh ! he is such a lovely gentleman, indeed a lovely gentleman."

When dying, he asked them to send for the missionaries, as he wished to see them once more before he passed away. A man was sent immediately, but mistaking the street, failed to find us. On his returning without us he seemed greatly disappointed. The man offered to go again, but he shook his head, turned his face toward the wall and lived only a few minutes. His wife said he seemed for some time to be holding on to life to see us. We should have been glad to have heard from his lips his dying testimony, but his wife, and others who were with him said he died in triumph. He tried to sing with his dying breath, " 'I'm going home to die no more.' I shall soon be in heaven, fanned by the angels. All is well. I'm falling asleep in Jesus."

CONVERSION OF JOSEPH, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP, AND LIZZIE, HIS WIFE.

We found this interesting colored couple living in a dark, damp basement. Lizzie was dangerously sick, Joseph without work, and they were suffering extremely for the necessities of life. They had seen better days, had been able to rent a comfortable room, and had it neatly furnished ; but work stopped, sickness and misfortunes came, and then all their little savings of years had to be sold or pawned, until they were stripped of everything. Their neat little room had to be changed for the damp cellar with cheap rent, in which wretched abode we found them. They were both unsaved, but before we could reach their souls, we had to relieve their bodily wants. With the supplies placed in our hands for the poor, we furnished them with food, fuel, clothing and bedding, making them comparatively comfortable. The woman began to recover, and listened attentively while we talked to her about Jesus. Soon she was deeply concerned for her soul, and a few weeks after was soundly converted to God. The change was wonderful ; she was naturally of a hasty spirit, and often murmured that her trials were so great ; but after the Lord saved her, she said the "*quick temper*" was all gone, and she felt like praising God for all their trials, for they had been the means of bringing her to Christ.

All the time of Lizzie's sickness, Joseph was in good health—a man of powerful frame, weighing about two hundred and sixty; but the damp, impure air of the cellar in which they lived undermined his strong constitution, and his wife had scarcely recovered, when he was taken violently sick with rheumatism and pneumonia. During his sickness, when questioned about his soul, he was very tender; said he wanted the same kind of religion that his wife had, and that he was seeking the Lord, and intended to seek until he found mercy. During his affliction the missionaries often prayed with him. He always told them that he had given up all of his sins, and was earnestly praying day and night. One day, while laboring with him, they sung: "Jesus saves me just now;" and he began to repeat the words, "Jesus saves me just now," at first very faintly, but his voice grew stronger and more positive, and at length he exclaimed: "O, yes, Jesus does save me, *even me, just now!* I feel it. I *know it!*" The whole transaction was very quiet, but genuine.

We had always carried him some little nourishment, and when about to leave, we asked what we should bring him the next time we came, he replied: "O, nothing, nothing. I've got Jesus now; I wants nothing else."

He partially recovered from this sickness, so that he was able to work a little at times; but his lungs were never sound again. He was soon taken down with a slow consumption, and during a long, cold

winter, he was confined to his bed. They must have perished with cold and hunger, but for the means placed in our hands for these poor sufferers. We took nearly the whole care of them during their affliction.

Lizzie is a frail, delicate little creature, unable to do very hard work. During the fore part of the winter she had work as cook in a saloon. She was obliged to leave her sick husband at six o'clock in the morning, and be gone until nine in the evening. She would leave him as comfortable as she could, but we often found him without food or fire. He would say, "Poor Lizzie can't help it. She works very hard to take care of me. She leaves a fire, but the stove is small, it soon goes out." We often had to rebuild the fire and prepare something for him to eat. They had moved from the cellar to a garret, where the air was not so damp, but it was very open and uncomfortable. At one time when we called we saw the wall over his bed very wet. He said the rain and snow-water had leaked through and wet his bed. Though wasted to a mere skeleton, and suffering terribly that morning, he was praising the Lord with every breath. When we inquired the cause of his pain he replied, "You see, ladies, I'se very poor, an' de bones on my hips an' back are all wore through de skin, so if I lays on dis side it's all sore, an' if I lays on de odder side dat's sore, an' de back is all raw. Oh, you don't know how I suffers! but it's all right, all right, I don't complain. I says sometimes, 'Oh,

dear Lord, jes' let me 'hab a leetle rest, jes' a leetle.' I sleeps none day nor night, but I don't fret, I lays here an' praises de good Lord for all his mercies to me."

Our sympathies were deeply moved for the poor, patient sufferer. We told him that we would try and do something for his relief. We returned home and sent him some more of the bedding, a basket of delicacies, some anodyne to ease his pain, and an air pillow, which is a rubber ring filled with air—a wonderful invention for the relief of those who are suffering from bed sores. They gave him a dose of the anodyne, placed the rubber ring under him, and in a few minutes he was perfectly easy; then his gratitude knew no bounds. He praised the Lord with all his powers for answering his prayers, by giving him such a glorious rest from all his pains. He begged of them not to let him sleep, as he wanted to keep awake to praise the Lord for His goodness. After taking the anodyne a few days he said, "I don't want to take any more ob dat stuff, 'cause it makes me sleep too much. I loses too much time. I want to lay 'wake an' praise de good Lord wid every breath, an' keep watch ob ole Satan, so he don't git in my heart agin."

But neither tongue nor pen can ever describe the scenes we have witnessed in that little garret. His heart seemed constantly to overflow with love to God, and his face shone with heavenly light. When we called to see him he wanted to talk of nothing

but the goodness of the Lord, and often, with eyes and hands raised toward heaven and the tears rolling down his cheeks, he would try to tell what Jesus had done for his soul. But language seemed too lame to express the wonderful revelation of divine glory that he experienced from day to day. At one time, as we were about to leave him, we asked what we should bring him when we came again. He replied, "Now you ladies may tink I eats a good deal as I lay here doin' nothin', but I tells you, dear ladies, I often gits to thinkin' how good de dear Lord is, how much he has done for me, de glory I'll hab when I'se done wid dis worl', an' how soon I'se goin' to de glory-worl', an' I feels full an' I don't git hungry, I'se so full ob de glory." His daily experience seemed expressed by the poet,

And now I'm so blest with his love,
I covet not earth's golden store ;
He visits me oft from above—
I have him, I want nothing more.

Once while telling us of the joy unspeakable that filled his soul from day to day, he said : "An' den as I lays here an' tinks 'bout how little dis worl' is, an' sees de glory-worl', what does I care for de tings ob dis life. Here we go right up to Heben," and he raised his arms shouting, "Glory, glory," until it seemed that soul and body must part. He seemed to think the chariot had come. At another time he told us that he had a nice fine coat in the pawn-

shop, and in some way he had been wronged out of it. He said that morning he was so much worse, that his wife asked him what she should do when he was gone, and among other things, asked what she should do about the coat in which she had intended to dress him for burial. He said that for a few moments the enemy would like to have bothered him about it; but presently he said: "What does I care for de ole coat. I'se soon done wid dis worl', den I wants no more clothes; let dem keep de coat; I don't want it, an' I won't gib way to de devil for dat ole coat. An' pretty soon, ladies, I hears de Lord speak. Yes, as plain as eber I heard your voices; an' he says: 'Neber mine, Joseph, I'se got a nicer coat for you up here;' den 'pears like I sees Heben, an' sure 'nuff, dar hangs my coat on de door-knob ob de parly gate." His soul went into raptures as he described the New Jerusalem. When dying, he seemed to see the innumerable company, and said to his wife: "Lizzie, do you see that white man by my side? It is Jesus; he has his arms tight around me, and oh! how he loves me!" Again he asked: "Do you see de bright star ober my bed? De angels are all 'round me an' on my bed." The last words he was heard to say were: "Glory be to God."

A gentleman in this city, hearing the story of the coat, gave us a fine one of his own, in which to dress him for burial.

ANNIE WILBERFORCE.

On Seventh Avenue, in an attic room, lying on a poor bed, with but little covering, we found poor Annie Wilberforce, about eighteen years of age, hastening to the grave with consumption, yet all unprepared for death. When we inquired into the state of her soul, she said: "I am not ready to die, but I am seeking the Lord. I am praying all the time." She was very weak, her voice nearly gone, and we saw that she had but a short time to live. We explained to her the way of salvation through Christ—that Jesus had died to save her, and was waiting to take possession of her heart the moment that she repented and believed in him. We carried her case to the Lord in prayer, and then commenced singing,

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God I come, I come.

She immediately adopted the language of the hymn as her own, and with the tears streaming down her cheeks, she repeated: "Yes, Jesus, *just as I am, just as I am*, O Lamb of God, I come. Thou wilt receive me *just as I am*. O yes, I come, I come." In a few moments her prayer was turned to praise, and she broke forth in joyful words, saying: "O yes, Jesus is *my Saviour*. He saves me just now.

Oh ! sweet Jesus, sweet Jesus. What a sweet Jesus he is."

She lived about two weeks after her conversion, during which time she continued happy in the Lord. At one time when she was thought to be dying, her sisters used a restorative, and she revived. When able to speak, she said : "It is wicked for you to hold me here when the angels came for me, and I wanted to go so bad." She lived only a few days longer, and then, we trust, was carried by the angels to be "forever with the Lord."

NATHANIEL RUSSELL.

We found this man sick with consumption, but able to walk about, and having strong hopes of recovery. He belonged to the drinking, gambling, swearing class of sinners. When spoken to on the subject of religion, he was shy and reserved ; but when closely questioned about his soul, he would confess that he was a sinner, and that he ought to be converted ; but yet he was wholly unconcerned about his eternal welfare. In a few weeks he was confined to his room, and finally to his bed. The missionaries visited him often, and held meetings in his little room.

At length he was brought under deep conviction,

gave up all his sinful practices, and began earnestly to seek the salvation of his soul. When praying and laboring with him, he often seemed comforted and encouraged ; but it was a long time after he became truly penitent before he clearly received the witness that his sins were forgiven. Like the importunate widow, however, he continued to cry until he obtained the victory. One night as he lay praying and moaning, unable to sleep from pain of body and anguish of mind, the Lord revealed himself to him in a most wonderful manner. We called to see him the next day, and found him happy in the Lord. With tears rolling down his cheeks, and his whole frame shaking with joy, he exclaimed, "Jesus has come and forgiven *all my sins*. Last night as I lay here I saw Jesus standing there (pointing to a window at the foot of his bed), and he came and shook hands with me and said, 'Thy sins which are many, are all forgiven thee. Go in peace and sin no more.' I am so happy, so happy! O, that I could tell you all about it." His wife stepped to the window to adjust the curtain, "Oh!" said he, "Don't touch that window, don't touch it, for there I first saw my Saviour." He lived some weeks after his conversion, in the same triumphant state of mind. At one time he said to us, "O, who is so happy as I, who is so happy as I? O, that I could tell you, but I can't. God does so fill my heart with his love. What a mercy, what a mercy. Oh! what a sinner I have been. How I wish I could see

my old comrades, and beg them to leave off sinning and get religion. I now see why *you* felt so anxious about *my* soul." At another time when we called and inquired if the Lord was still with him, he replied, "Jesus stops with me all the time; he never leaves me." We called at another time just after he had recovered from a sinking spell, when he was thought to be dying, and when he saw us he whispered, "I have been down viewing Jordan. It looks good. I long to go over." He was failing rapidly, and expressed a desire to partake of the Lord's Supper before he died. While receiving this sacrament, he was greatly blessed, and the presence of God was wonderfully felt by all. The dying man was too weak to shout aloud, but he could adopt the language of the poet,

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

He wept for joy, and whispered, "O, how precious, O, how precious." When we again called, he was still lingering on the shores of Time, waiting patiently for the Lord to call him Home.

But as Mrs. Russell was looking very sad, we mistrusted they were in want of something. They made no complaint, but when we asked if they were in need of anything to make them comfortable, Mr. Russell began to weep, and his wife said they were

out of *everything*—not one mouthful of food in the house, and no money with which to buy, while he, with a poor appetite, needed some delicate food. We supplied their needs, and continued to do so while he lived, which was but a few days longer.

When dying, his wife said he would frequently exclaim, "The chariot is coming." Brother Downing, agreeable to his request, preached his funeral sermon, and Brother Mackey buried him in his "Saints Rest," at Greenwood Cemetery.

A MIRACLE.

While visiting among the sick and destitute, we found a woman on Varick street, far gone with consumption. It was one of the worst cases of that disease we have ever known. She was wasted to a mere skeleton, and her lungs were so badly diseased, that the odor in the room was such it was almost impossible to stay with her long enough to discharge our duty. She was all unprepared to die, and mourning deeply on account of her sins. We felt that what was done for her must be done quickly, as she would soon pass away. We, therefore, called often, read and prayed with her, and encouraged her to trust alone in Jesus for salvation.

One sultry day in July, while on our way to visit

her, one of the missionaries said, "I fear we will not be able to remain in her room any length of time to-day, for when we last called, the air was so impure that it made us quite sick, and it must be worse now." But how were we surprised on entering her room to find the offensive odor all gone, the bed and room neatly arrayed, and the sick one nowhere to be seen. What had happened? The first thought was, *she is dead*, yes, she must be dead; but imagine our astonishment when she came walking in from an adjoining room, exclaiming, as she met our wondering gaze, "O, glory to Jesus, he has converted my soul and healed my body. He has given me a new *heart* and new *lungs*. O, glory to his name. It was Jesus that did it. It was Jesus that did it. I was all alone, praying the Lord to forgive my sins, when suddenly the power of God came on me and went all through my soul and body; my burden of sin was removed, my sore throat all taken away, and my cough is all gone." Then she would shout victory and glory, often repeating, "It was Jesus that did it." She assured us that she had taken no medicine, and that no earthly remedy had been used to restore her health.

We knew her for two years after this, and there was no return of the disease, and she continued faithful in the way to heaven. At length she removed from Varick street, and we lost all trace of her, until six years after, when we found her on her death-bed. She had kept the faith and died in triumph.

JEREMIAH.

A christian mother requested us to visit her son, who was very sick with consumption. She said he was unprepared to die, unconcerned about his soul, and felt displeased if spoken to on the subject of religion. We called, and found in this good woman's son a handsome, intelligent young man about twenty-two years of age. As had been represented, he was quite unwilling to converse about his soul's salvation, and when questioned on the subject he would remain silent or answer in a quick impatient tone, while his face, naturally very expressive, revealed the bitterness of his heart and the depravity that reigned within. His mother asked us to pray before we left him. We did so, and felt an assurance that God would touch the hard heart, and we should see him saved. We visited him frequently for several weeks, but no change was apparent, except that sometimes he was more approachable and would seem willing to hear us sing and pray. One day when we called we found his father intoxicated ; he was not quarrelsome but very talkative and noisy, so that it was impossible for us to pray with his poor sick son. When we spoke a word of encouragement to Jerry he replied impatiently, "There is no use of my trying to get religion in this house while father behaves so bad." We had usually taken him some fruit and delicate food, for which he was always very grateful.

The next time we called his father was not home, and we found Jerry more composed. After conversing and praying with him we asked what he would like us to bring him when we came again. He hesitated and replied reluctantly, "If it is not asking too much, I would like a little preserves." We told him that he should have some. As we were bidding him good-bye he turned his bright eyes on us and with great frankness said, "Ladies, I am not seeking religion, and there is no use saying I am, for the sake of —." Here he paused, but we read his thoughts and added, "*for the sake of favors?*" "Yes," he replied, "that is just what I mean, and I want to be honest." We urged him solemnly to turn his attention to eternal things, and then left him intending to call again in a few days. But our mission work was now pressing on every side—there being many other sick ones to be visited, most of whom were seeking the Lord, and besides, there were many destitute ones to be cared for—so that nearly two weeks passed before we again found time to call on poor Jerry. He was very anxious to see us. As we entered the door he raised his hand and exclaimed, "Oh, I am so glad that you have come, I want religion now. I told you I was not seeking the Lord, but I have been seeking him ever since. I got to thinking what I had said to you, and it troubled me. I began to pray and have been praying ever since, night and day. *Oh, pray for me.*" He then broke out in prayer for himself, crying, "O Lord, have

mercy on my poor soul." We engaged in prayer and then began to sing "Jesus saves me just now." He soon repeated the words, "Yes, Jesus saves me, Jesus saves me," and for a moment his faith seemed to claim Christ. Then he would waver and with tears again cry for mercy, "O Jesus, save. Have mercy on me, save me now. Now is the accepted time." The conflict with the enemy was severe. He seemed to understand that the adversary of his soul was trying to defeat him, for he paused and addressed the invisible foe in the following language, "Go away, devil! No use for you to come around now for Jesus is my Saviour." We doubt whether Jerry knew that there was a passage of Scripture which reads, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." (James iv., 7.) But he had no sooner commanded the enemy to depart than the powers of darkness gave way, and he began to praise the God of his salvation. His eyes sparkled and his face shone with the light of Heaven as he exclaimed, "Yes, Jesus is my Saviour; Jesus is *my own Saviour*. Blessed Jesus! Precious Saviour! I know he forgives all of my sins." We called again the next morning and found him still rejoicing in the assurance that his sins were all forgiven; but he said there was something more that he wanted. We asked if it was the witness of the Spirit that he was seeking. He replied, "No; I am very happy. I have no doubts. I *know* that my sins are all forgiven, but I want more. I want to be filled with the Spirit. I want one drop

of the blood ; *just one drop of Jesus' blood on my heart !*" The name of Jesus was almost constantly on his lips. He said to us, "That name which is so sweet to me now, I did not see anything attractive in before. You know what I mean, nothing for *me* ; but now I would rather hear about Jesus than anything else ; it's all I want."

We visited him frequently while he lived, and always found him happy in the Lord. The family was very destitute. One morning when we called he was suffering from the cold, for want of proper covering. A benevolent lady gave us the money with which to buy a comfortable for his bed. He was very grateful, and said the Lord was good to him in providing for his wants. He added that he wished his mother could have it for he knew she was cold, nights. "I have been so saucy and unkind to her," said he, "that I want to do all I can for her while I live." His mother told us that before his conversion he was so irritable that it was an exceedingly trying task to care for him ; but from the time he was converted, he manifested no impatience whatever. He said to her one day, "Mother this is a different home since I have got religion." The last time we saw him he said, "O, I am so happy all the time. All I want now is *one drop of the blood*. I want to be filled with the Spirit. His aunt who lives with them said that this was his cry all the time, until Sunday night, when suddenly he cried out, "O, Aunt Rachel, I have got one drop of

the blood ; where is father and mother ? I want to tell them I have got one drop of Jesus' blood on my heart and I am satisfied." His mother said she never saw a happier person than Jerry was from that hour. The next morning being Christmas, he wished the family a *happy Christmas*, "not a merry one" said he, "but a *happy Christmas*." Soon after he called all the family around his bed and bade them good-bye, saying he was going Home. Then laying his hand on his father's head he said, "Father, you are an old man, your head is blossoming for the grave," and then proceeded to entreat him to turn from his evil ways and serve the Lord. The aged father wept like a child. A few moments after, Jerry fell asleep in Jesus.

Asleep in Jesus ! oh, how sweet

To be for such a slumber meet !

With holy confidence to sing

That death has lost its venom'd sting !

CHAPTER IV.

PAINFUL SCENES IN GARRETS
AND CELLARS.

A CLASS-LEADER'S WIDOW.

EVERY day's search brings us to some new case of wretchedness and want. On Twenty-sixth street we found a woman who had been laundress in a "Charitable Institution" in this city. Being taken sick, she left her place and rented a damp cellar, where she and her daughter—a young girl about sixteen—managed to exist. At the time we found her, she had been sick with consumption three months. Her little savings were soon exhausted, and then her only support was the earnings of the frail child, who worked during the day when she could find work, and watched with her sick mother at night. The furniture of the room consisted of two old chairs, something that answered for a table, a broken stove, and two trunks with oval lids, covered with rags, which served for a bed. When we manifested great

surprise at one so sick being without a bed, she replied that it made but little difference, as she was seldom able to lie down. She sat in a short-backed wooden chair, her head resting on her hand, which position she kept the greater part of the time, both day and night.

We inquired into the past history of this woman of those who knew her well, and found that she was a respectable, Christian woman. Her husband, who was a Methodist class-leader, died years before, leaving her with two children, one a little girl, the other an idiot boy, who was always sick and very troublesome. At the time of the riot, she with her children were among those who fled to the "Station House" to save their lives. There were no beds; the place was densely crowded; the boy was very sick, and her sufferings during her stay in that place were indescribable. This boy lived several years after, and died of a lingering sickness. She always cared for him very tenderly, and no doubt the care and watching by night, and working by day to support her helpless family, together with the other hardships she endured, brought her down to the wretched condition in which we found her. Yet she made no complaint, and we had to question her closely before we could ascertain the facts in the case; nor did she make a request, except that she might be removed from this damp place—for the house was out of repair, and during every hard rain the water came in, covering the floor to the depth

of two feet. With ten dollars, placed in our hands by a friend of the poor, we furnished her with a bed, fuel and food, making her as comfortable as possible in that miserable place. We then tried for weeks to find a comfortable room for her, but in vain; there were rooms to let, but not for *colored people*; so we were obliged to leave her there, where she died a few weeks after. In the time of their most extreme need, the young girl begged of us to go to the place where her mother had worked, and see if they would not assist them. We did so. They spoke of her as being a worthy, industrious woman; but said they did not extend aid beyond their own *Charitable Institution*.

We left the place with a heavy heart, wondering if a charitable institution would find a more worthy object of benevolence than a pious, industrious widow, who had worn herself out and was taken sick in their service. During the few remaining days that she lived, we visited her frequently, always carrying her some nourishing food, for which she expressed great thankfulness. She seemed pleased to have us talk to her about Jesus, and sing and pray with her. She said she was a Christian, and all ready to die; and truly she seemed a sample of all meekness and resignation, for not a murmur or complaint ever escaped her lips.

On the night that she died the poor child was alone with her, as usual, in that gloomy cellar, dimly lighted by a candle. About two o'clock in the

morning the mother called, "Sarah, come here, my child, and get in bed with me; it is *so cold*. I am afraid you will take cold." The narrow cot would not allow her to obey this last dying request; but she sat down on the side of the bed, and, looking her mother in the face, observed that there was a strange glare in the eye, a strange sound in the voice. She asked, "Mother, are you dying? You look strange. Shall I call somebody?" "No, my child, lie down; I shall be better soon." Still she feared her mother was dying, and asked, "Mother, are you going to Heaven?" She replied, "Yes," which was the last word she ever spoke. In a few moments she breathed her last. The agonizing cries of the poor orphan calling aloud, "Mother, mother," were heard by the family living on the floor above, who, for the first time during the poor widow's four months of sickness and suffering, entered that wretched abode.

But the most affecting part of this sorrowful scene was yet to be witnessed. There is nothing the respectable poor among this people dread so much as a *pauper's burial*. To avoid this, they will make almost any sacrifice, and often apply for aid to bury their dead, which they would not do to keep their sick from suffering. The child solicited help from some of the wealthy ladies, by whom her mother had been employed. They spoke of her as a faithful servant, and believed her to be a Christian, but were unwilling to assist in the burial.

Crouched over a few coals in that dismal cellar, with a few sympathizing friends, sat the lonely watcher, day and night, for nearly a week, not daring to leave the body alone because of the rats that infested the house. At length her Sabbath-school teacher, being informed of the circumstances, applied to a few other friends, and they together rendered the needful assistance. As we looked at her corpse, we felt that her sufferings were at an end, and rejoiced that she was beyond the reach of pain.

Poor child of sorrow, she went up through great tribulation. People are wont to think it about all they can endure to suffer great pain and protracted sickness, when blessed with kind friends, a tender nurse, a skillful physician, and surrounded with all the comforts of life; but who can imagine the wretchedness of those who, in addition to their bodily sufferings, are deprived of every earthly comfort?

GRANDMOTHER BROWN.

In one of the courts where we frequently visit, lived a woman one hundred and three years old. She lived alone in a small bed-room. Her furniture consisted of a very small stove and table, one chair, and a narrow cot which served for a bed. She was

very destitute, frequently being without food or fuel. Indeed we have seen her in cold weather wandering through the streets picking up cinders to keep her from freezing. We often supplied her with the necessaries of life from the small sums given us for the poor. She was a catholic, and when questioned about religion, was very reserved and seemed reluctant about conversing on the subject. We held a weekly meeting in one of the rooms of the building in which she lived, and soon we had the pleasure of seeing this aged woman often make one of the congregation, and she was an attentive listener to all that was said; and moreover, when laboring with the sick in the building, she would follow us from room to room, and seemed much interested in the singing and praying.

About two years after we became acquainted with her, she was taken very sick, and we were called to visit her. We found her in an agony of mind, deeply concerned about her soul's eternal welfare. We said, "Why, grandmother, we thought you were a catholic, and felt sure that you were all right. How is it that you do not feel ready to die?" She replied, "I am a catholic, but *I want Jesus, oh! I want Jesus.*" She then told us some of her past history, and the way in which she was led to become a catholic. She was born a slave, and served her master until old and unable to work, *then* she was set free. She was a protestant, and in early life had been a Christian, but had wandered away from

the Saviour. Having neither friends, nor means of support, she was induced to join the catholics, who promised to provide for her in old age. She had now been a member of their church for many years, but they had shamefully neglected her, and had it not been for the kindness of protestant friends, she must have famished. She assured us that she had lost all faith in the catholic religion. They had not cared for her bodily wants, and now in prospect of death, their religion afforded no comfort to her soul. A catholic woman who lived in the same building, thinking her about to die, called a priest, who administered the extreme unction preparatory to death. When the priest had left the house, she was asked how she felt, "Oh!" she replied, "I am not satisfied. *I want Jesus, nothing but Jesus will do.*"

We visited her often during her sickness. She deeply repented of her error in joining the catholic church, and of living so long a time destitute of saving grace. Her agony of soul was truly affecting. She wept and mourned, lost all desire for food and every earthly comfort, and when we would speak of bringing her nourishment, which we knew she greatly needed, she would reply "*All I want is Jesus.*" She received a measure of peace, but was never so joyous and triumphant as some. She died suddenly, without being able to leave a dying testimony, but we have no doubt of her eternal safety, for, when praying by her bedside, we often felt a strong assurance that Jesus had her case in hand, and would save.

It was truly a blessed place to pray. Sometimes it seemed we could almost hear the music of the heavenly host joying over the return of this aged prodigal.

AN AFFLICTED HOUSEHOLD.

In Seventh avenue we found a family, consisting of a father, mother, daughter, and the daughter's three children. One Saturday evening we were sent for to visit this family. We found the father sick with consumption, the mother confined to her bed with rheumatism, the daughter suffering extremely with quinsy, the little boy crying with neuralgia in the face, and the babe sick with the whooping-cough. The father and mother were professors of religion, but the daughter was not a Christian. We went for the nearest physician and found Dr. L. at home and perfectly willing to visit the afflicted family. In a few moments he relieved the young woman so that she was able to breathe easily once more; he kindly attended these sick ones for several days, not only *giving* his services but also furnishing the medicine and liniments needed, and under his skillful treatment the whole family was soon able to be around.

The Lord bless and abundantly reward this kind physician. He does much of this kind of work

among the very poor without any remuneration whatever.

DYING AND DESTITUTE.

In another little room we found a woman quite advanced in life, sick and without friends or home. She had managed to support herself until unable to work, then found shelter with a family who were too poor to provide for her, and she seemed to be famishing for the want of proper nourishment. We were told that she had eaten nothing for several days and had no appetite; but when we named some delicate food suitable for one so sick, she replied, "O yes; I could eat if I had *that*." When told that she should have it as soon as we could send it, the tears ran down her face and she praised the Lord aloud. "Oh!" said she, "the Lord bless you; I know he will, and I shall meet you there in that Beautiful Morning. I shall be all glorious in that Beautiful Morning. I have just sent for the minister to come and give me the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It is the last time I shall ever take it on earth. Now sing and pray with me, for it is the last time I shall ever hear your voices." We complied with her request. While engaged in the exercise she continued to pray and praise in this triumphant state of mind. We left her and hastened to fulfill

our promise in sending some food, but before it reached her she sank into a state of insensibility and died soon after.

In a rickety old building on Thirtieth street, in an attic chamber, on a pallet of straw on the floor, alone and unattended, lay another of these children of affliction. An old woman, some seventy-five years of age, the most of whose life had been spent in slavery under cruel masters, and, when freed in her old age, to keep herself and an idiot grandson from becoming objects of charity, she had toiled on until worn out by hard work and abuse, she lay dying in the wretched condition in which we found her. We will not attempt to describe what we were obliged to witness in that chamber of death. She had so long been neglected, that the air of the room had become so impure, it made us quite sick to stay long enough to discharge our duty. Preparing her food and attending to her wants devolved upon us, as she was entirely helpless, and no one seemed to care whether she lived or died. But amid all this suffering and neglect, not a murmur or complaint escaped her lips. She seemed deeply grateful for all we did; thanked us again and again; praised the Lord for sending us there to care for her; said she was converted while in slavery; had served the Lord for many years. He had always taken care of her, and He was with her on her

dying bed. She always wanted us to sing and pray with her, and seemed to enjoy it greatly. She died soon after we found her, and like Lazarus, we trust, was carried to Abraham's bosom.

During the most bitter cold weather we have experienced in New York, while visiting through one of the old tenement houses on T—— street, we found a man in an attic room, sick with consumption. He was lying on a pallet of straw on the floor, covered with a few old garments. The miserable apartment was so open, it was unfit for a human being to live in. We stopped to sing and pray with him, and, though warmly dressed, were thoroughly chilled before we left. There was neither fire, food or fuel to be found in the house. He was alone; his wife, having found work that day for the first in a long time, had left him, for the purpose of earning a little money to relieve their sufferings. The day before we found this case of destitution, a benevolent lady placed twenty dollars in our hands for the relief of the poor. With this we provided him a comfortable bed, and supplied their other needs. He was all unprepared to die, but listened attentively while we tried to point him to the Saviour. From this time he seemed concerned about his soul, and just before he died, he told his wife that the Lord had forgiven all his sins, and he felt ready to die.

ANN T.

While visiting on Twenty-seventh street, we found this poor woman very sick. She lived in a rear building in a small room, alone and unattended, and so weak she could scarcely speak so as to be heard. We inquired how it was with her soul. In a faint whisper, with tears in her eyes, she said, "I am trying to seek Jesus, but can't find him. I am so weak I can neither talk nor pray. O what a poor time this is to try to save my soul." We replied, "It is the *heart* God looks at; lift that to him in silent prayer, and if he sees there is real repentance and sorrow for sin, he will hear and forgive you, even at the eleventh hour." We knelt at her bedside and asked the Lord to bless and save her just then; we soon felt it was her privilege to claim him *then* as her Saviour. We urged her to cast herself, with all her load of guilt, on the atoning blood. With flowing tears, and in an agony of soul, she whispered: "Lord, help me, have mercy on my poor soul. O Jesus, Master, save me." She did not plead long before the Lord revealed himself to her soul; her voice, which before was entirely gone, now returned with amazing strength, and she wept and shouted aloud: "He does wash my sins away; how happy I feel. I know I shall meet him in peace." The next time we called she was much better in body, and happy in the Lord. She said:

“Jesus not only blesses my soul, but sometimes fills my little room with his glory. My chains have all fallen off, and I am free. I have the witness in my soul that I am a child of God, and I don’t get lonesome now. I have Jesus with me, and that’s company enough.” She was restored to a measure of health, and continued to serve the Lord faithfully.

CONVERSION OF MR. H. AND HIS WIFE.

While visiting among the destitute we found this interesting couple. They were passing through fiery trials. Mr. H., although a sober, industrious man, had been without work for a long time; his wife was confined to her bed, apparently in her last sickness, and they were suffering the want of all things, having nothing with which to pay rent or buy fuel or provision. It was truly a wretched home, and to increase their misery, they were both unconverted.

After relieving, in a measure, their temporal wants, we talked to them seriously about their souls. They were very tender and teachable, seemed to feel the truth, and both acknowledged their need of religion. They had been in more prosperous circumstances, but the goodness of God had not led them to repentance. Now the Lord seemed to be afflicting them because of their sins; “For, whom the Lord loveth

he chasteneth." We exhorted them to give their hearts to the Lord without delay, and we doubted not that he would help them temporally as well as spiritually. The poor creatures took the advice given, and began crying to the Lord for mercy. A few days after, Mrs. H. was powerfully converted. When the blessing came to her soul, the great Physician touched her body also, and she was immediately restored to a measure of health, and was again able to do her own work. The next time we called we were surprised at the great change that had taken place, not only in Mrs. H. but also in the little room which now had such a tidy, comfortable appearance. The Lord had wonderfully fulfilled to them his promise: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Mr. H. had found a little work, which greatly encouraged his heart. He told us that he was earnestly seeking the Lord, and intended to persevere until he knew that his sins were forgiven. But he had a severe struggle with the powers of darkness and unbelief before the victory was given. His conviction of sin was deep and pungent, and caused him to cry to the Lord for mercy by day and by night; whether in the house or street, his heart was constantly drawn out in prayer to God. One morning, having a little job of work to do, he started for the place, but felt his sins pressing so heavily upon him that he could scarcely refrain from crying aloud in

the street-cars. He said the people looked at him with astonishment, but he kept lifting his heart to God in prayer. With great difficulty he succeeded in doing his work that morning. On his way home the Lord gloriously revealed himself to his soul. He felt the burden of sin removed, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. He walked up Fifth Avenue, praising God aloud, making himself a wonderful spectacle to the people who throng that fashionable highway; but he cared little for what mortals thought about him, since he had found Jesus, and had favor with God.

A greater change we never witnessed than in that family. We have visited them many times since their conversion, and always find them rejoicing and steadfast in the way to Heaven. To God be all the glory.

GEORGE ROGERS.

One day as we were passing along Varick street, searching for the lost sheep who are without a shepherd, we came to some buildings that looked like tenement-houses. Passing through an alley, we entered a rear building, and beginning at the first floor, we called on each family in the house, but found nothing of special interest until we reached the attic. There,

in a little dirty room, we found a youth, some eighteen years of age, very low with consumption. His mother was dead; his father, himself and a little sister composed the family. His father was obliged to be away at work during the day, leaving him in care of the little girl. When asked about his soul, he told us he was unsaved, but felt his need of religion, and before we left, promised us that he would pray for himself. We visited him quite frequently after that, and he soon became an earnest seeker of salvation. One day, when we were praying with him, the Lord spoke peace to his soul; he said: "I feel that my sins are forgiven; but I am not satisfied; there is something more for me." A few days after, while two of the missionaries were praying with him, he received the full witness of the Spirit, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The next time we entered the little room, he raised his hand, and pointing upward, said: "I'm almost Home! I can't eat anything; all I want now is for some one to sing and pray with me." While we were singing, his joy seemed ecstatic; his face lit up with the glory of God, and a beautiful smile came over his countenance, as he shouted: "Glory, glory. O, glory to God." Presently he looked around on each of us, and pointing upward, said: "I want to go Home! O, won't it be nice if the Lord comes for me to-night. O, glory, glory be to God." He seemed *oppressed* with a weight of the "excellent glory," and said: "O, don't talk to me any more;

it makes me so happy, I can't bear it." It was a wonderful scene—a heavenly place.

As we left him, he said, "Ladies, come and see me every day while I live; don't let the storms keep you away." He died soon after in great triumph; and we were glad when he was released from earth, for he suffered greatly for want of proper care. One day during his sickness he begged us to take him home and care for him; this we were unable to do; but we trust he now enjoys an eternal home in that land where

Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

During the coldest weather of winter we found a young man and his wife living in a shattered tenement house, in the most extreme poverty. Both were sick with consumption. The husband was in the last stage of the disease, and, being unable to lie down by day or night, sat in a short-backed chair with a few rags for covering. A small stove, which for want of pipe was moved back in the fire-place, gave but little heat in the room. The basement floor, the open house, scanty clothing and furniture, together with the sunken cheek and wasted form of the suf-

ferer shivering with cold, presented a scene of wretchedness shocking to witness. The poor man was unsaved, yet he wept when told that Jesus died for him, and that he was able and willing to save him ; but his bodily sufferings were so great that it seemed difficult to get his attention turned to eternal things. Oh ! how we wished for a little money to relieve their pressing wants, but we had at that time scarce a dollar with which to relieve the hundreds of needy ones we visited. We never saw him again—he lived only a few days after our first visit. On one of the coldest mornings of that winter he was found dead, sitting upright in his chair as though asleep ; he evidently perished with the cold, and we fear died unsaved.

We frequently find families with sick ones, who in the coldest weather are so destitute that we often wonder how they manage to keep from freezing to death. One bitter cold day we found a young delicate girl sick and very low, unable to speak or take much notice of anything. She was cared for by a family who were in extreme destitution themselves. They had given her their only bed, which was a mat of straw on the floor covered with a few rags. A benevolent lady in this city, being informed of the case, gave us money with which to buy a bed, blankets and nourishing food, which saved the poor girl from perishing.

CHAPTER V.

BE NOT DECEIVED.

ONE afternoon when about leaving the hospital of the male department of the "Home," we noticed a man sitting by the stove, apparently very sick. We turned and spoke a few words to him. He replied, "I am a very sick man and feel that I have but a short time to live." We inquired if he felt ready to die. "O yes," he replied, "I am ready and willing to die, and have been for a great many years." "Well, then, you no doubt feel happy that you are so near Home." He made no reply, and there was a sad, troubled expression on his countenance which led us to fear that all was not right. We began to question him in regard to his present experience, and asked, "Are you *sure* that you are ready to die? Have you a *new heart*?" He dropped his head and answered in a quick impatient tone, "*I don't know anything about a new heart!*" "Have you ever felt yourself to be a sinner, and do you know that God for Christ's sake has forgiven all your sins? This is what we mean by a new heart." He

replied sharply, "*I tell you I don't know anything about the new heart you talk about!*" "Well, then, you will certainly never know anything about heaven, for you can't enter heaven without a *new heart*. The Bible says, 'Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.'" He became quite angry and replied, "Ah! that is just what I thought you would say to me, just what I thought you would say."

He had been listening while we talked and prayed with others in the ward during the afternoon, and undoubtedly was much disturbed in his mind before we spoke to him. Presently he said with a self-conceited tone and air, "I would like to tell you *my experience*. Will you listen if I will tell you *my experience?*" "Certainly," we replied, "we shall be glad to hear you narrate your experience." Then, on our taking a seat by his side, he thus began, "Many years ago I tried to get religion. I prayed and prayed, and after awhile I went to a minister and told him that I was seeking religion and asked what I must do to be saved. He said to me, just like this, 'Do you believe that Jesus Christ died to save sinners?' I said, 'Yes.' 'And do you believe that he ever liveth to make intercession for them?' I replied, 'Yes, I do.' 'Well,' said he, '*that is faith*. Go on and do your duty and you will come out all right in the end.' And I have been trying to do so all these years, and now when I am just about to die you come and take away all my hopes of heaven. *Oh, it is too bad, too bad!*" and he wept like a child.

We assured him that we felt very sorry for him, but as his hope was a false one the sooner it was removed the better ; that Jesus had died to save him, and to give him a true hope that would be as an anchor to his soul, which the apostle says is '*Christ in you the hope of glory.*' The Lord knows that you are deceived, but he loves you and is not willing that you should perish. That is why he has sent us to you with a message of mercy and salvation to-day. You are very near death, it is true, but Mercy's door is still open and you may yet be saved, if you will. That minister put you on the wrong road. The questions he asked concerning your faith the devils could have answered as well as you, for they believe that Jesus Christ died to save sinners. Hence it is written, 'The devils also believe and tremble,' but their faith does not save them ; and that faith did not save *you*. According to your own testimony you have never had a change of heart, but have been all these years building your hope of heaven on your own good works and self-righteousness. You are like the man in the parable who was found at the feast without the wedding garment. That wedding garment is the new heart. 'A new heart will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you.' (Ezek. xxxvi., 26.) It is the new birth, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' (John iii., 3.) It is *holiness* without which no man shall see the Lord. This is the divine change which you need to prepare you for heaven, and without it you will

be forever lost." He shook his head impatiently and still clung to his own opinion; said he thought if a man did as well as he knew how God would certainly take him to heaven. Seeing that he was very obstinate and determined to close his ears to the truth, and fearing we should never see him alive again, we felt it our duty to deal very faithfully with him.

As we arose to leave him, we said: "If you die in your present condition, your soul will sink like *lead, into hell*; all the ministers or good men on earth or angels in Heaven can't keep you out of hell. Your sins will sink you there as naturally as a weight falls to the ground. There is no place in all Heaven's wide domain for a soul that is not washed in the blood of Jesus. But suppose you should go there, you would not be happy, but would be glad to get away. But if you will repent, and cast your soul on Jesus for salvation, he will forgive your sins, and take possession of your heart. Then when you die you will go to Heaven, and it will not be in the power of men or devils to keep you out of that happy place; but you will go there as naturally as a balloon goes upward when the ropes are severed. Heaven is the native place of a soul that is washed in the blood of Jesus." While we were speaking, the Spirit fell on him in awful awakening power, and he cried out with tears: "*Oh! I want a new heart; I want a new heart. I must have it. I can't die without it. Pray for me; O do pray for me, and don't*

leave me until I get it, for I am almost gone. I may be dead before to-morrow morning. O," said he, "I was never so deceived about anything in my life. Oh! Lord, have mercy on me, and give me a new heart." It was getting late and we were obliged to leave him, but committed him to the Lord in prayer, asking that his life might be spared until he found the Saviour.

He lived several days after this, but continued to cry for mercy, until God spoke peace to his troubled soul. He died soon after, leaving the testimony that he had found the *new heart*, and died "in sure and certain hope of everlasting life."

Another similar case was that of a poor girl, whom we found far gone with consumption. She was suffering most extremely for the necessities of life. We relieved her wants as far as possible. She was unsaved, and what we did for her poor body was in view of getting her soul saved. After visiting her several times, she told us one day that she had *experienced religion*, and added: "I feel *willing to die*." We did not dispute her testimony at first, but began to inquire closely, but tenderly, into her experience, as to *when* she felt the change, *how* she felt, and what had brought her to conclude that she was saved. Her only reply was: "I feel willing to die." We saw that the enemy had taken her in a snare

that would prove fatal, unless she could be made to see her mistake. We told her our fears in regard to her case, that Satan had deceived her. She might feel *willing* to die, and yet not be *ready* to die. It was one thing to be reconciled to *death*, but quite another thing to be reconciled to *God*. "A person may feel willing to die when they know they *must*; yea, they may even be anxious for death to relieve them from pain, poverty and worldly trouble, and at the same time be wholly unprepared. Submission to *death* is not submission to *God*, although the devil often palms it off on the dying sinner and mourning friends, as a *change of heart*, whereas it is only a change of mind. You know that the Bible says, 'If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' (2. Cor. v. 17.) And, 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself' (1. John v. 10); and if you have been converted, you are a *new creature*. You love God and his people, and have the witness of the Spirit in your heart that you are a child of God. You are soon to pass into eternity. Jesus has died to give you eternal life, and you must not let the devil cheat you out of Heaven. Give your heart to Jesus, just as you are; trust him alone to save you, and continue to trust until the work is done and the witness of the Spirit given." The Lord in mercy swept away her sandy foundation. She saw that she had no Scriptural evidence of conversion. She became thoroughly awakened, and

began in great earnestness to seek the salvation of her soul, and the Lord, who hath said, "Ye shall seek me and find me when ye search for me with all your hearts," soon gloriously saved her, and she died shortly after in the triumphs of faith.

The cases of these individuals are not extraordinary. We fear there are thousands of professed Christians, in the various churches, to-day, who have never been converted; and multitudes are professing religion in the modern revivals, who have never yet been Scripturally awakened. They have good desires and form many good resolutions, and thus mistake a *change of mind* and *purpose* for a *change of heart*. We often hear sinners say, when under some degree of awakening, "I am resolved to lead a *new life*," supposing such resolutions to be religion; but when asked, "Have you a *new heart*, which alone can *enable* you to lead a new life?" in most cases, as above, they can give no reason of the hope within them, having never been "born again." Hence in our public addresses and private teachings, we are careful to read and explain such portions of Scripture as "Christ's sermon on the Mount," the eighth and twelfth of Romans, thirteenth of first Corinthians, fifth of Galatians, and third of St. John, all of which plainly speak of this divine change of heart, and the fruits which accompany it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COLORED POOR OF NEW YORK CITY.

THEIR CONDITION AND NEEDS.

WE have been connected with this mission since September, 1867, during which period our numbers have varied from four to five, whose whole time has been devoted to the work. As our mission field has not been circumscribed, but has extended over the entire city, we have been able to ascertain many important facts in regard to the condition and needs of the colored poor of New York, which we feel it our duty to present to the public. Some of these facts are noticed in an article published in the *New York Tribune* of February 13th, 1869, from which we extract the following,

“Besides the ordinary causes of poverty and suffering which they share in common with others, there are other causes which affect them exclusively. First, the condition of slavery in which they or their parents

were held, and when freed, left penniless. Many of those emancipated in this State forty years ago, laboring under the disadvantage of being without trades, business or capital, and compelled to meet the rivalry of an overwhelming foreign element in the labor market, have been unable to secure steady employment by which to raise themselves or families above extreme poverty, and when sickness or reverses come they suffer for the necessities of life. Again, they are shut out by prejudice from the privilege, in common with others, of learning trades, and thus to secure remunerative employment. Except very recently, in a few individual cases, females have been taken to learn, and afterward been employed. This same prejudice excludes them from the employ of many firms and families, because mixed help *will disagree*, and the dominant foreign element prevails. This fact keeps hundreds wholly dependent on 'catch jobs' the year round, by which means they can hardly earn enough to keep soul and body together, especially when there are several small children too young to earn a living. . . . And then, when work stops and sickness comes they all suffer together. Nothing coming in to pay rent, they are ordered out by the agent ; so they go in with some acquaintance (I have known three families thus crowded in one room) or take a bed-room of some poor neighbor, some six feet by ten or twelve, for a family of from four to seven persons. They will have one meal per day, or perhaps two ; pawn the last dress, coat or pair

of shoes to pay the rent of that little room, lest they all be turned out together with no shelter from the cold or storm. Again our public charities do not meet the wants of this people as they do those of others. *This is a fact* which some will deny, others will explain away, and others charge upon the colored people themselves; but as I am not preferring charges or courting fruitless controversy, I will waive particulars and give general facts. The out-door colored poor are expected to share with the whites in the provision made for this class, but their share in this department is just about like their share in the labor market, and the hardships and the cruel, merciless rivalry they often experience induce them to suffer almost anything before exposing themselves to it again, and they are a most uncomplaining people."

Catholics and foreigners are mostly employed at all of the public works in the city. Seldom do we see a colored man sweeping streets, carting ashes, lighting gas, delivering letters, or engaged in any of the simple work which furnishes employment for hundreds of poor people. Neither have the colored poor equal advantages with others in respect to rent. They are excluded by prejudice from most of the comfortable tenement houses. The rent extortioner, knowing this, takes advantage of their necessities, by making them pay about one-quarter more rent for the same number of rooms than he demands from white tenants. The most of them pay from eight to fifteen dollars per month for one small room and

one or two bed-rooms. Besides, many of the old buildings for which they pay such enormous rents are so open and leaky that the rain saturates their beds, and in winter the snow drifts through every part of the house. Another most fruitful cause of their sufferings is the vast amount of sickness among them, occasioned, no doubt, by the hardships they undergo, and their not being constituted for this cold climate. Hence, very many of them are afflicted with either consumption, asthma, bronchitis or rheumatism. The children seem to have inherited these diseases, hence they grow up a puny, sickly people. From close observation we are forced to the conclusion that there is scarcely a healthy person among them, and as there is no pallor of countenance to indicate disease but few have any sympathy for them until these apparently healthy people are suddenly prostrated and die; then, even the most unobserving and uncharitable are obliged to admit the truth.

Many of them bear up nobly against their physical infirmities, and keep at work until taken down to their death-beds.

One woman who had worked hard for years to support an aged, helpless mother, and who had never been considered sickly, came home on a Saturday night, after a hard day's work at house-cleaning, so weak, that she could hardly climb the four flights of stairs which led to her little room (for which she paid the enormous rent of fourteen dollars per month), took to her bed immediately, and died the following

Tuesday. A post-mortem examination showed that one lung was *entirely* gone, and the other badly diseased.

Considering all of these disadvantages, is it surprising that there is so much extreme poverty among this people? One gentleman, who sent us five dollars for the Providence Mission, asked the following question, "How is it that there is so much destitution amidst the wealth of your city?" We think the above fully explains the cause, and knowing these facts, we would sooner ask, "How can it be that the colored poor manage to exist at all, while surrounded with such difficulties?"

A PRESSING CALL FOR CHARITY.

For several years we have felt the need of an Institution in connection with this Mission, which should comprise the following various departments:

I. *Infant Asylum*.—We are continually witnessing misery among a certain class of infants and little colored children which we have no means of relieving, and for whom no provision seems to be made. Many of these little sufferers are orphans, half-orphans, or the children of those mothers who are obliged to go out at service either by the week or month, leaving their children in care of some aged

woman who is incapable of caring for herself; or with some child of tender years, by whom they are neglected, half-starved, and often shamefully abused. The Colored Orphan Asylum is doing a noble work for the children under its care; but that Institution, we are informed, does not take children under two years of age. Many of the parents of these little ones are industrious, hard-working people, who would be glad to place their children in such a Home, and pay a reasonable sum for their board. May the wails of these "poor innocents" touch hearts who have the means of providing an asylum for them.

II. *A Home of Industry*, is another crying want of the colored poor. There are many Industrial Schools in this city, where both colored and white children can receive some instruction in plain sewing; but such schools do not meet the want in this case. A large amount of the suffering, crime, and extreme destitution among this people, can be traced to the fact that they were not trained for usefulness in their childhood and youth. These neglected infants, spoken of above, grow up to girlhood, having but little or no chance of learning to work; they are the street children, who have ample opportunity for learning much that is evil and but little that is good. When such girls are old enough to earn a livelihood, they are found incompetent. It is impossible for them to get a permanent service-place, for people are hired to *work*, not to be *taught*. And having been repeatedly dismissed for want of efficiency, they become dis-

couraged, and in their despair and destitution, fall an easy prey to the seducer, and are led swiftly on to destruction.

It is shocking to witness the amount of prostitution among these young girls. And this great evil can only be remedied by taking them into an Asylum, where they would not only receive a common school education, but be taught to sew by hand and machine, and also thoroughly instructed in the various branches of house-keeping.

III. *A Free Intelligence Office*, and temporary home for respectable females when out of employment, ought also to make a part of this Institution. There are many of this class who, finding themselves homeless and friendless, are driven to houses of ill-fame as the only shelter offered them. By having a laundry and other simple work to furnish employment for the inmates, such a Home, if properly managed, might be made partly self-supporting.

May the Lord lay this burden on the hearts of some of his wealthy stewards. There are many such in this city, who could give the ground and building, and endow it with a sum sufficient to perpetuate its existence while time lasts. Surely money could never be invested in a more noble cause. The misery that would be prevented and the benefits secured to this people by such an institution, are inestimable. The Lord himself graciously instructs us in our duty to the poor, and encourages us with promises of blessing: "Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that

thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee;—the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shalt answer; thou shalt cry and he shall say, Here I am. . . . And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day. And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not.” (Isaiah lviii.)

“Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble; the Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.” (Psalm xli.)

“Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.” (James i. 27.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE COLORED HOME, NEW
YORK CITY.

THE Home is exclusively for the benefit of the colored people, and is said to be the first and only institution of the kind in the country. It is doing much for those under its care; but according to the last Annual Report, the means at the disposal of the managers and committee are inadequate to the demand; hence, there is very often much suffering among the sick for the want of proper nurses and nourishment. But this inconvenience is relieved in a small degree by the little delicacies carried in by the missionaries and other Christian friends.

On the whole, the Home is doing a great work for the colored poor; but another building of equal size and better supplied, would scarcely meet the wants of this afflicted people. The following is taken from an Annual Report of the Institution,

“This building fronts on Sixty-fifth street. From either end of it extend, at right angles, the male and female wings, capable of accommodating one hundred

and twenty persons each. These wings (four stories high) are connected in the rear by another building of two stories, which is divided into small apartments, containing from five to eighteen beds each. The lateral wings consist of four wards each, extending the whole length of the building. Each ward contains twenty-eight beds. The basement of the chapel is occupied by the physicians and matrons. The buildings form a hollow square, in the centre of which is a flower-garden. The Society began its work in 1839, with twelve pensioners; now eight hundred, more or less, are cared for annually in the Institution. The average number in the 'Home' is two hundred and fifteen, fluctuating from one hundred and fifty in the summer, to three hundred during the winter. The 'Home' consists of four distinct departments—hospital, home for the aged and indigent, nursery, and lying-in department. The number of admissions to the hospital is greater than to the other three divisions combined."

The inmates of the Home are highly favored with religious privileges. For years past—until a late date—private Christians and missionaries of all denominations who had a mind to labor for souls were permitted to have daily access to the Home. In 1868 the chaplain writes as follows,

"I have never known a religious sentiment so deeply and so extensively pervading all classes in the Home, and so much peace and comfort enjoyed during the last twenty years, as at the present time; and

further, another evidence that the work is of God is, that as the work has increased within, He has continued to send helpers, without solicitation, from among Christian friends in the city, so that few hours pass during any week day without prayer or praise being heard in some part of the Home."

We deeply regret that a change has been made, allowing missionaries only Wednesday afternoon to visit among the sick. More recently, however, our missionaries have been allowed to visit on Monday afternoons also. They have preaching every Sabbath by the chaplain, and three other meetings during the week.

Mr. Joseph Mackey, of this city, editor of the *United States Economist and Dry Goods Reporter*, has greatly endeared himself to the inmates of the Home by the interest he has taken in their temporal and spiritual welfare. He makes a weekly visit, prays by the bedside of the sick and dying, passes from ward to ward, leaving a small amount of money in the hand of each, which enables them to purchase many little comforts, of which they would otherwise be deprived. For several years past Bro. Mackey has held a meeting every Wednesday afternoon in the chapel; he usually preaches and conducts the services himself. The sermon is followed by testimonies or a prayer meeting, when an invitation is given for all who feel their need of religion to come forward to the altar; the call is seldom in vain—sometimes fifteen or twenty present themselves for prayer, and

some of them are gloriously saved ; many, we doubt not, are singing around the throne to-day who found the Lord in these meetings.

CHARLES BEVERLY.

This young man was an inmate of the Home. He was about twenty-two years of age, of light complexion and remarkably intelligent. He attended the means of grace regularly, but seemed very careless about his soul, and was often inclined to laugh and ridicule while in the meetings. But eventually the searching truth reached his heart and awakened him to see his lost condition. He sought the Lord, sorrowing, for many days. One Wednesday afternoon, when an invitation was given for all who felt their need of religion to take the front seat, this poor heavy laden sinner went forward and kneeling down called on the Lord for mercy. The saints joined in prayer for him, and before the meeting closed he was gloriously saved and, rising from his knees in an ecstasy of holy emotion, began

To tell to all around
What a dear Saviour he had found.

He was soon greatly concerned for the salvation of others and became a useful missionary among the inmates.

At the time of his conversion the wards of the male department were filled with desperately wicked characters. The Steward said they were the worst set of men he had ever known to be at the Home; they were so disorderly, he had much trouble to control them. He requested us to hold some meetings among them, and see if they could not be reached by the Gospel. We promised to do so; and commenced one in the lower ward, where the worst of them were congregated.

These meetings were continued for several months, every Thursday afternoon. There were many among them who would never have heard the Gospel, had it not been preached in their room. Many were confined to their beds, which they never left until put in their coffins. Others were too careless about their souls to attend the public services in the chapel. Charlie, the young convert, was very useful in helping on the work. His prayers and exhortations were powerful, while his serious deportment and pious example won the confidence of all, and gave him a wonderful influence over the worst of them. A glorious revival was soon begun, which continued for several months. The plan of our meeting was as follows: On Thursday afternoon all the men from the different wards, who were able to attend, were called to the meeting, which was opened in the usual way by singing, prayer, and reading the Scriptures; then a short discourse, after which a bench was placed in the centre of the room for an *anxious seat*,

and an invitation given for all, who felt their need of religion, to come and kneel there. Sometimes the seats would be filled with the poor, maimed, halt and blind—all crying, "What shall we do to be saved?" The work of conviction and conversion extended to all classes; weeping penitents and joyful converts were found in all the wards, from the boys of ten and the youths in their teens to the old men, whose heads were white with age. Those of the inmates who were cold or who had backslidden were reclaimed or revived, and united heartily in the work of praying for souls. Family prayer was commenced in all the wards; this greatly helped on the work. Often those who were wounded in the other meetings and left mourning, would be taken by these praying ones into the family meeting, where they would continue to pray and sing with them until they were clearly converted. After the revival had been going on for several weeks, the place was greatly changed. One of the men in the lower ward remarked, "This place used to be almost like hell, but now I think it the most like Heaven of any place on earth."

About this time we asked the Steward how he got along with the men since the meetings; he replied, "There is a great change; I have no trouble with them now." Charlie continued a faithful laborer in the work until called to his rest above. He was a victim of the fatal consumption, but never wasted away like most who die of that disease. The mes-

senger came suddenly, but his lamp was burning and his work was done. One very wicked man, who had resisted all the influence of the meeting, and Charlie's godly example while alive, seemed much affected when giving us an account of his triumphant death.

* "O," said he, "Charlie was the happiest man when dying that I ever saw;" this he repeated several times, as though he could find no other words that would express his opinion so well. He had, no doubt, seen many living men who appeared to be happy; but the happiest person he ever saw was a *dying man*. "O," said he, "if I could go like that, I would be glad to die too."

This work commenced about the middle of November, 1868, and continued until the following summer. It was not confined to the men alone; there was a general outpouring of the Spirit throughout the entire Institution.

The female department at the Home has always been a fruitful field for missionary work. We have witnessed the conversion of scores of souls in their wards. But in such a place a continual change is occurring—the converts die, their places are filled by others, and it often happens that many of the new arrivals are children of the wicked one, who, by their unkind behavior disturb the peace of all around and shed a baneful influence over the saved and unsaved. Such was the state of things in the women's hospital at the time the work was going on among the men. The few who professed religion

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were disheartened ; the sick and others seeking the Lord were discouraged, and seemed to think it impossible to get saved in such a place. We did not wonder at this for we felt ourselves withstood by an infernal influence when praying and laboring with souls, and often left the place burdened, feeling that the powers of darkness prevailed. But nothing is impossible with our God. We began meetings also in this hard place, which were conducted in the same way as the others. The orderly of this ward, Auntie Scott, although unconverted, seemed to feel much concerned for the salvation of those under her care, especially the sick who were near death. She welcomed the meeting and did all in her power to assist in the work. When the time came to begin service she had all work stopped except the necessary attention to the sick, and all who were able to be present seated ; and we must add, they gave respectful attention until the exercises were closed. The Lord soon began to work ; some of the sick were converted, and a Roman Catholic named Joanna was struck under conviction. This young woman had been brought up a strict catholic and believed herself on the road to heaven until she came to the Home, where the Lord opened her eyes to see her error. We became much interested in her case, and often spent much time conversing with her about religion. Joanna told us freely all her heart ; she had much to contend with, her disposition was quick, which often made for herself and others

much trouble ; but the greatest difficulty was her catholic faith. When we wish to convert a catholic we never attack his or her creed, but try if possible to show the necessity of the new birth. This was the course pursued with Joanna. The Lord, however, showed her that she must renounce her church, which at length she abandoned. Finally, one day when a few of us were praying with some of the sick, one of our missionaries seated herself by Joanna's side and began again to instruct her in the things of the kingdom. Her mind was very dark, but the Lord was her teacher, and opened the eyes of her understanding to see the truth as it is in Jesus. She said, "It seems to me if you would pray for me I should be converted." We did so, and encouraged her to pray for herself and expect to be saved *then*. She began to weep and call on the Lord for help ; her heart was broken and subdued, and when told to believe on Jesus and accept him as her Saviour, she began to say, "I do believe Jesus is my Saviour." The Spirit quickly set his seal to her faith, and Christ was powerfully revealed to her soul. She arose and walked the floor, shouting the praises of her Great Deliverer, with the glory of God beaming from her countenance and tears streaming down her face. She went around the ward embracing her friends and telling them what Jesus had done for her soul. An overwhelming cloud of divine glory rested on all, which made the saints shout and sinners weep.

The conversion of this woman resulted in the conviction of many others, and thus the work went on in power from that time. Several other catholics were among the saved, one of whom was a woman from the West Indies. She had been in this country only a short time, and could understand but little of our language; yet the Spirit awakened her conscience, and brought her soul into deep distress. It was touching to witness her earnest pleading, as, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, she called on the Lord for help. Jesus, and mercy, were the only words of her prayer that we could understand; but God knew the language, and spoke peace to her heavy-laden soul. Then her joy was as excessive as had been her grief, and she praised the Lord with all her mental and physical powers. There were many other cases of conversion, equally interesting, which occurred at that time.

ANNA COLEMAN.

This young woman, who seemed nearly gone with consumption, was among the penitents. A part of our missionary company were kneeling around her bed listening to her whispered cries for mercy, when deliverance came to Joanna's soul, and all prayer was turned to praise, and the household rejoiced that the

"dead was alive, and the lost found." Anna continued to mourn for many days; she had a fearful struggle with the powers of darkness, and was growing so very weak, we often feared she would die unsaved. But Jesus, who had her case in hand, did not suffer the enemy to triumph. One day, finding her unusually worn in body and cast down in soul, we again gathered around her bed, and carried her case to the Lord. While laboring with her, she caught a glimpse of Jesus, and began to think he would save her, and soon her faith growing stronger, she was enabled to lay hold of Christ as her Saviour, and joy unspeakable filled her soul. From that hour she began to gain strength, and soon looked like another person. She lived over a year after her conversion, and was a burning and shining light at the Home.

Family prayer was commenced in the ward, which was continued while she lived. All who knew her were constrained to say, "Anna is a true Christian." A short time before her death she received an overflowing baptism of the Holy Spirit, while one of the missionaries was conversing and praying with her, and soon after she fell asleep in Jesus.

ELIZABETH JONES.

Among the many inmates of this institution no one is more universally beloved than this aged saint. Auntie Jones, as she is commonly called, was born

in slavery in Newbern, N. C. She does not know her exact age, but thinks she was born about the year 1793. Although she had a humane master, and consequently was not subjected to the cruelties that many of her fellow-slaves suffered, still she was deprived of her liberty—which is so highly prized by everybody—and for more than fifty years she was bound by slavery's chain. At an early age she was clearly converted to God, and for half a century has been a faithful follower of Christ. During the years of her bondage she was married twice, and became the mother of fifteen children. Her last husband was a devoted Christian, a Methodist class-leader and local preacher. She often speaks of him and the consistent life he led. He was a kind, tender hearted, affectionate husband and also a true disciple of Christ. He died after she came North; and she often makes this remark, "He was such a good husband I have never wanted another since he died."

While in the South seven of her children were sold away from her, five of whom she has never since heard from, and knows nothing of their whereabouts, or whether they are still among the living. After her master's daughter had married and come North, two of Auntie Jones' children, a girl thirteen years of age and a boy some years younger, were chosen to live with this family. But the little boy so grieved after his mother that he was sent back South. Several years after this, Auntie Jones' master died, and in settling the estate a sale was to be made of all the

slaves. This daughter, fearing that her poor mother would be sold far away and they should never more see each other, induced her young mistress to buy her; and for some length of time after the mother came North, both she and her daughter worked hard until a sufficient sum was earned to purchase her freedom. Then for a few years Auntie Jones was at service as a cook, but after a time she lost her eyesight. Her previous afflictions had been great, and she had often felt that her cup was more than full; but when this stroke fell upon her, it seemed too heavy to be borne. She was so weighed down with discouragement and longed to die, that she prayed by day and by night that the Lord would take her Home. At length she thought she had obtained the assurance that her prayer was heard, and that her stay on earth would be very short. One day she surprised her friends with the news that she was to die that night. The same afternoon a friend sent her a basket of provisions, which she gave to the family with whom she lived, saying, "I shall not need it. I am going to die to-night." But as she was in the enjoyment of her usual health, her friends laughed at the idea of her dying, just because she *wanted to die*. She retired, and for some time lay waiting for the *chariot* to come for her. Presently she felt a sensation, which she thinks was something as a person feels when dying, and she sunk into a state of insensibility, and awoke in the *Glory-world*. Her joy was unbounded when she found herself in

the land of the blest; but she was soon informed by some of the heavenly host that she must return to earth, as the Lord had a work for her to do before she could come there to stay. She felt very sad at the thought of returning; but she soon awoke, and found herself still an inhabitant of this world of sorrow.

Her commission to do a work for the Lord caused her much concern, and she would ask, "How can a poor blind woman do a work for the Lord? and where can that field of labor be?" She made this a subject of earnest prayer; "and finally," she says, "the Lord told me to *go to the Colored Home*." She immediately told her friends that she must go to the Home. They were all opposed to it, but she insisted, saying, "*The Lord tells me to go to the Colored Home*." After entering the Institution, she soon found her field of labor. She has been useful in the meetings, and is often led from bed to bed, to pray with the sick and dying. She has now been an inmate of the Home for some twenty-five years, during which time she has lived the life of a consistent Christian, and been a mother in Israel. She has endeared herself to all who know her, and we doubt not she has been instrumental in the conversion of very many souls.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVERSIONS AT THE COL-
ORED HOME.

SUSAN DOUGLAS.

THIS young woman entered the Home sick and unsaved. For a while she was able to attend the public service. One Wednesday afternoon she came into the meeting and an arrow of truth reached her heart. When an opportunity was given for those who felt their need of religion to come forward, Susan came with others, although she was so weak in body that she could scarcely walk from her seat to the altar, where she knelt and began to cry to the Lord for mercy. She wept and prayed a long time, and occasionally she would say, "O my God, have mercy on my poor soul! What have I done that thou wilt not hear my cry?" It was in vain that we pointed her to the Saviour. She seemed all-absorbed in the work of repentance, and left the chapel deeply

mourning on account of her sins. She was rapidly failing and soon became unable to leave her bed, or to raise herself from her pillow. We labored with her often, but usually were obliged to leave her as we found her fast bound in unbelief. One day we all gathered around her bed, and prayed and sang with her. She wept and prayed in an agony of soul. We endeavored to show her that the sin to which she was holding was unbelief, and finally we succeeded in getting her eye off from herself and on Christ, the sinner's friend. We said, "Susan, if Jesus died for you, then as soon as you repent of your sins and forsake them, you have a right to claim him as your Saviour." "But," she would say, "I don't *feel* that my sins are forgiven." "Very true," we replied, "and you never will until you believe. If the doctor should bring you a medicine possessing a healing virtue for your body you would have to take it or it would do you no good; and although you might have all faith in the remedy and it might set by your bedside within your reach, yet if you did not take it you would die. Now Christ is the remedy for sin. He gives himself to every penitent sinner. He says, 'Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.' It is faith that lays hold on Christ. Faith says 'Jesus is my Saviour because he died for sinners, and *I am a penitent sinner.*' Now, Susan stop looking at your sins, and begin to say, 'Jesus, I trust thee to save my soul just now; thou hast died for me. I will

believe in thee; I do believe in thee—thou art my Saviour.’” All this time she was listening and applying the truth. The sadness and look of despair quickly fled from her countenance. We noticed the change and said, “Susan, you *do* believe that Jesus is your Saviour, do you not?” She thought a moment, then in a calm, positive tone of voice replied, “I don’t *believe*, but I *know* it.” As she uttered these words the power of God fell on her, the Spirit witnessed that her sins were all forgiven, and she began to shout, “Glory be to God on high! Glory be to God on high!” Those present were unable to hold her. She sprang from her bed and went to the farther end of the ward, clapping her hands and shouting, “Glory be to God on high! He’s forgiven all my sins. I am all ready to die, now.” In converting her soul the Lord in a measure restored her bodily strength. The next time we saw her she was sitting in a chair doing some light needlework. She lived about two months after her conversion and continued happy in the Lord. All in the ward spoke of Susan as a devoted follower of Christ.

She suffered extremely the last four weeks of her life, and frequently requested Bro. Mackey and the missionaries to sing and pray by her bedside, and ask the Lord to give her patience to endure to the end. During these seasons of prayer she would often shout aloud the praises of God. She died in holy triumph, and is, doubtless, praising the Lord in eternity for the sickness which was the means of bringing

her to Christ, and for the protracted sufferings which brightened her crown, and increased the "eternal weight of glory."

GERTRUDE HOLCOMB.

One Wednesday we went to the Colored Home as usual, but before going into the meeting, we visited some of the sick in the wards, in one of which we found Gertrude Holcomb near death, in great distress of mind and crying, "O, Lord, have mercy on my poor soul." When she saw us, she said, "O, how often you have warned me to get ready for this hour. How sorry I am that I put it off. O, Lord, forgive me. O, Lord, have mercy on me." She entered the Home with two sick children; one a babe of seven months lay in a chair by her bedside, very sick; he died a few days after; the other, Augustus, a bright little fellow, about two years old, was recovering, when his mother was taken down with her death-sickness.

Standing by her bedside we asked, "Have you given up *all* to Christ?" She replied, "O yes, all, all, children and all." "Well, then, all you need is Jesus." "O, that's it, that's it. All I need is Jesus. O, Jesus, do come and take my sins away. I give myself to thee, it is all that I can do." We opened

our Bible and read this comforting passage, "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts." We repeated, "The Lord whom ye seek shall *suddenly come to his temple.*" We then prayed for her and she prayed for herself, and struggled hard for victory, frequently crying out, "O, Lord, keep the devil away. O, Jesus, drive him away from me.."

We left her in great agony, and passed on into the meeting with some friends who were waiting for us, but soon returned, as Gertrude's case lay heavy on our hearts. On going to her bed we found her in deep despair, crying, "There is no mercy for me; no mercy for me." We replied, "Gertrude, you are mistaken; there *must* be mercy for you; what is it the enemy is tempting you about?" She said, "I wanted to tell you, but did not like to before those strangers; but now I will. A few years ago I professed to get religion, or others encouraged me to believe that I had it, although I told them I had no knowledge of it in my own soul; but I went on professing it, and partook of the Lord's Supper. Now it seems to me that I committed the unpardonable sin." Probably this Scripture was on her mind, "For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." (1 Cor. xi. 29.) We told

her it was to be regretted that many were being thus deceived and misled in this day; but the Lord would not condemn her for partaking of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as she did not sin intentionally. "You did not mean to be a hypocrite, did you?" we asked. "O, no, no," she replied; "I thought I had religion, but I was deceived. I never was converted." We assured her that the Lord did not cast her off for being deceived, but was ready and waiting to pardon all her sins. Light shone on her mind; the snare was broken, and with a look of surprise she said, "Don't he condemn me? Why no, he don't condemn me for doing what I did not know was wrong. I would not do it again; no, no, I would not do it again. O, Lord, forgive me. O, do, Jesus." We said, "You remember the passage we read to you?" She replied, "O, please find it again; my mind was so troubled I could not listen." We read again, "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me;" adding, "You see, Gertrude, the Lord has prepared the way for his coming to your soul, by giving you light on the matter that troubled you." We read on, "And the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in (*i. e.* Jesus); behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts." She laid her hand upon her breast and said, "He *is* coming; the enemy is going—yes, he is going; he has gone. Jesus says, 'Your sins are forgiven you, go in peace and sin no

more.'” She folded her arms across her breast, exclaiming, “O, how precious; O how precious. Jesus is mine. He does forgive all my sins.” She raised herself up in bed and shouted, “Glory, glory. He is mine. He is in my heart. He says, ‘Go in peace and sin no more.’ O, how happy I feel. O, that I could tell you, but I can’t. I’m going to Glory, yes, I’m going to Glory to see Julia [one of the young converts who had died very triumphantly a few days before]. O, how happy she died, right over there in that bed; she said, ‘tell Mr. Mackey and the missionaries how happy I died.’ And I want you to tell Mr. Mackey that I am blest too. O, the Lord bless him and all the missionaries and the doctors too; they have been very kind to me. The Lord bless Mrs. Hagar (the matron) and Mrs. Cooper (the orderly); they have all been very kind to me. O, I’m so happy.” Extending her hand to the orderly, she said, “O, Mrs. Cooper, give your heart to Jesus; get ready to die and meet me in Heaven.” Mrs. Cooper wept, as did also many of the unconverted. She continued to shout, “Glory to God, I’m so happy. O, look, my child is blest too. See how happy he is.” One of the young women who was converted a few days before, was holding the child near his mother’s bed, and the little fellow was laughing and looked very happy indeed.

Gertrude lived only a short time after her conversion. She died in faith, the triumphant joy of her

soul suffering no diminution to the very last. Little Gussey was left alone in a cold, pitiless world, without one earthly relative to love or care for him. But he was a lovely child and soon made many friends among the inmates. He was allowed to remain several months in the ward where his mother died, and he became deeply attached to those who cared for him. But as there is no department for children at the Home, he, with several other little motherless ones had to be removed to the Orphan Asylum. It was a touching scene when the children were placed in the charity wagon and taken from the tender care of their friends at the Home. They all cried and begged to stay. Gussey reached out his little arms to Mrs. Cooper, crying, "O Aunty Tooper, do take me out of this wagon, I don't want to go away." We doubt not that he was well cared for by his new friends, but it was not long that he had need of an earthly home. In a few short months the little spirit of Gussey Holcomb was carried to his home on high to join his mother in singing the song of the redeemed.

PETER J.

On one of our visits at the Home we found Peter, who had but recently entered, very near eternity and without Christ. When asked how it was with his soul he replied, "I am seeking Jesus but can't find him." We opened our Bible and read to him the account of the conversion of Zaccheus. While reading we endeavored to show that Jesus was just as willing to save him even now, as he was to save Zaccheus, if he would but welcome him to his heart. We carried his case to the Lord in prayer, and he tried to pray for himself, but prayer was soon turned to praise. He exclaimed, while tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, "Jesus has come and blessed me, he takes all my sins away." Then joyfully clapping his hands he shouted, "Oh, glory to God! in that great morning I will be there on the right hand, and father will be there, but the best of all, Jesus will be there. Oh, won't that be a joyful time! Glory to God, he has come here this afternoon and blessed my soul." Sinners in the ward wept. We left Peter shouting the high praises of God. He only lived until the next day and then died very happy. Thus, in this Home, we see one after another pulled out of the fire, by being saved just before death had put them beyond the reach of God's mercy.

E M M A B.

This young woman was brought to the Home, very low with consumption. While laboring in the hospital, we often stopped at her bedside and talked to her seriously about her soul. She was soon fully awakened, and began to seek the Lord very earnestly. One day, as we were singing and praying with her, the Lord powerfully converted her soul. She was "filled with all joy and peace in believing," and clapping her hands in triumph, she shouted aloud the praises of God.

After her conversion she gave us some account of her past life. She had been a very wicked girl, had left her father's house in Delaware about two years before, and had come to New York, where she had led a life of dissipation, her parents not knowing of her whereabouts. This sad error of her life was as thorns in her dying pillow. She begged us to write for her to her parents in Delaware, and ask their forgiveness; tell them what the Lord had done for her soul; and ask, if possible, for one of them to come and take her home, that she might die there. Her father wrote her a very affectionate letter; rejoiced that she had found the Saviour; said that her mother had lately given her heart to the Lord, and he himself was seeking religion. But he was sorry to say that he could not come after her, as he had not the money with which to defray his expenses.

Emma soon became so weak that she could not be removed, which increased her anxiety to see her parents before she died—one of them at least—if they could possibly get to her. We wrote that if one of them could come, we would pay the expenses, which would be about ten dollars. The mother gladly accepted the offer and came. It was a joyful meeting, and very gratifying to the mother to have the care of her dying child during the few remaining days of her life. She lingered about two weeks after her mother's arrival. Mrs. B. was a most devoted Christian, a pattern of genuine piety. Emma continued happy in the Lord until the last, and died a most triumphant death. Mr. Mackey buried her in "The Saint's Rest," in Greenwood Cemetery.

ROBERT HILTON.

In the Wednesday afternoon meeting when an invitation was given for penitents to come to the altar, Robert Hilton, a young man about nineteen years of age, came and knelt down with others, and began to call on the Lord for mercy. He was in the last stage of consumption; had come to the Home to die; but alas! was all unprepared for the solemn event. An arrow of truth reached his heart in that meeting, and brought him to his knees. The pray-

ing ones gathered around him, and carried his case to the throne of grace; and while looking to the Lord in prayer, the burden rolled off, the witness came, and he walked the floor shouting, "Glory to God." He continued very triumphant until his death. The next Wednesday we found him in his coffin in front of the altar, and the congregation seated in the chapel, waiting for the funeral service. He was saved just in time. The men in his ward gave us the particulars of his death; he attended meeting on Sabbath, spoke in a clear voice, and said, "I shall not see you again; this is the last time I shall be here, but you will see me in Glory—I'll soon be there." Monday, the day of his death, he wanted the men to gather around his bed; and pray and sing with him once more before he crossed the river; he said, "I am not afraid to die, for Jesus is with me, and I am going to him soon." During the evening he passed away so quietly they all thought him asleep; and so he was, but

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

This man was about fifty years of age. He was brought to the Home very sick with erysipelas, his head and face greatly swollen, and he was considered too low to have anything said to him on the subject of religion. On our next visit the swelling had left his head and face, and he seemed to be somewhat better. He was unconverted, but so deaf that some in the ward told us that it would be useless to talk with him, as he could hear nothing. However, we thought we would try. One of the men in the ward after shouting in his ear several times, finally succeeded in making him understand that the missionaries wished to know if he wanted religion. He said he did. We came near his bed, sang a hymn, and then carried his case to the Lord in prayer with much liberty. He wept much while we were singing and praying, and seemed to understand all we said. He joined us in singing "Jesus saves me just now." We noticed a change in his countenance and asked him if he felt that Jesus had come to his soul. He replied, "O yes, my burden snapped off while you were praying, and now I feel as light as a feather from my head to my feet." His wife, who is a Christian, came to see him the next day. He told her that the Lord had converted his soul, he was all ready to die, and that they should meet in heaven. He died that same night.

A few days after his death we met his wife at the Home, and with tears she gave us some particulars of her husband's past life. She said he had been a very bad man. He was a drunkard for many years, and she had seen great trouble with him. But she continued to pray for him, and when he was taken sick and carried to the Home she said, "Lord, if thou wilt only have mercy on William and save his soul, I will bear any burden thou wilt lay upon me the remainder of my life." "Now," said she, "I am satisfied. I can give him up, he is saved; the Lord has answered my many prayers. I shall try and be faithful and meet him in heaven."

KATIE.

This young woman was an inmate of the Home for many months. Soon after entering the Institution she was awakened to see her lost condition as a sinner, and began earnestly to seek the salvation of her soul. After mourning for several weeks and not finding peace, she became almost discouraged. One afternoon we found her confined to her bed, and much cast down in soul. We took a seat by her side, and began to question her closely in regard to her consecration. She answered us that she had given up all for Christ. When we knelt in prayer

she was in a great struggle of soul, weeping bitterly and crying, "Lord, save me. O, save my poor soul." We asked, "Do you believe that Jesus is *able* and *willing* to save you?" "Yes," she replied, at the same time crying, "Oh! Lord, save my soul," while she tossed her head from one side of the pillow to the other, in the greatest mental agony. We said, "Katie, do you not repent of your sins; and have you not forsaken them all; and do you not now give yourself to God?" She quickly replied, "Yes." "Well, does he not receive you?" "No," said she; "I do not *feel* that I am saved." We tried to show her that all God required of her was to forsake all her sins, heartily repent of them, and believe in Jesus with all her heart, for salvation, and it was her privilege to claim the blessing that moment; and as she claimed salvation through Christ, the assurance would be given that the work was wrought in her soul, which was the witness of the Spirit, that she so much desired. We spent about two hours endeavoring to get her to believe in Christ. Finally she began to say, "I do believe that Jesus saves me *just now*." This she said several times, with but little feeling, rather like a child repeating a lesson; but soon she said it with *more* earnestness, as she began to feel it was the *truth*; and in a moment more, the Lord in mighty power set his seal to her faith; the glory of God quickly filled her soul, and the Spirit witnessed that her sins were all forgiven. She sprang from her bed and walked back

and forth in the ward, clapping her hands and shouting, "*Jesus saves me. Jesus saves me.* O, glory. Now I can praise him and feel it in my soul. O, how light it is in the room." Then looking at her hands, she exclaimed, "Oh! look at me. I am all new." We asked, "Are you afraid to die now, Katie?" "O, no," she replied, "I am not afraid *now*, for I am *all ready*."

ROBERT GREEN.

This young man was born and brought up a slave in Charleston, South Carolina. His master was a Methodist minister, who owned a large number of slaves, and was consequently very rich; but the act of emancipation suddenly reduced him to poverty. This reverse of fortune so overcame him, that he was taken immediately sick, and died soon after. Robert had by this time become a first-class cook, and when freed, he went as cook on board a steamship running from Charleston to New York. This position he held for two years, after which he came to New York to live, and found no difficulty in getting and keeping a situation as cook in saloons or hotels. While engaged in this business, he was taken sick with a rheumatic disease, which confined him to his bed for six months. After having spent

all of his savings for doctors and nurses, he was carried to the Home, a helpless cripple; he could use neither hands nor feet.

One afternoon as we were visiting through the wards, finding him so very sick we stopped by his bed and began to talk with him about his soul, warning him to get ready for death. Until this time he had been careless and unconcerned about eternal things; but to find strangers so interested in his soul's welfare, and the solemnity and earnestness with which the exhortation was delivered, so deeply impressed him, that he could not obliterate the effect from his mind. He slept none that night, for the solemn words kept ringing in his ears, "*Get ready for death; get ready for death.*" At one time during the night he felt quite sure that he saw the same missionary standing by his bedside, repeating the same words, "*You better get ready for death.*" He heard her voice and knew it to be the same that warned him in the afternoon.

The following day he would take no food, but said that he must fast and pray until the Lord had forgiven his sins. He was in great distress of soul, praying day and night for mercy. The next Wednesday he asked if he might be taken into the chapel to the meeting. The doctor said he was not able to go; but he begged so hard that he finally consented, and two of the men helped him into the chapel. After the sermon, an invitation was given for sinners to come to the altar for prayer. Robert

said he wanted to go and the men helped him to the altar where he began to cry for mercy. The praying ones gathered around him and carried his case to the Lord in mighty prayer. He had a hard struggle but came off victorious. The blessing came in overwhelming power; he began to shout the praises of God, and asked to be helped on his feet. They told him he could not stand and had better remain sitting. But he begged them to help him on his feet, so they raised him from the chair and held him while he continued to shout, "Glory to God! Glory to God!" Soon he told them to let him go, and breaking away he walked off a few steps and stood shouting "Glory to God!" for a few moments. Then he began to walk to and fro in front of the altar, still shouting "Glory to God! He has converted my soul and healed my body. I am a well man. Glory to God! He has converted my soul and healed my body!" The next day one of the doctors came into the ward and left him some medicine. He said, "Doctor, I don't want any more medicine. The Lord has converted my soul and healed my body." "I heard," said the doctor, "that you walked from the chapel into the ward yesterday. Are you well to-day? Let me see you walk." Robert rose to his feet and walked across the ward and back. "That will do," said the doctor, "I guess you will be able to leave the Home soon." And he did leave soon after and engaged in his former business. It is about four years since his

conversion. He has enjoyed perfect health ever since, is a member in good standing in one of the city churches, and continues faithfully following the Lord.

Although such conversions are rare they are not new. Church history records numerous instances of the kind, since the days of Christ. We extract the following from the "Methodist Magazine" for July, 1827, being an account of a conversion that occurred in a revival of religion at Lanjeth, in Cornwall, England. The account is given by Rev. W. Lawry, preacher on the St. Austell circuit.

"The first extraordinary conversion which I remarked, was that of old Wm. Morkum, of Lanjeth, who lived just seventy years 'without God in the world.' In the month of February, 1826, as he was at work as usual on the high roads, and reflecting on his long life spent in the neglect of religion, his mind became greatly alarmed at the prospect of eternity. Night came on; he sought to be refreshed on his bed by sleep, but in vain. His alarm and terror increased so much that his family, consisting of his wife and daughter, were kept up all night. On the next day he proceeded to his labor, but remarked to his companion, with great apparent emotion, 'I believe I am a lost soul.' The next night came on, when, such was the horror of his mind, that his family, at his request, sent for some of their pious neighbors to come and pray with him. They spent the whole night in prayer; but he remained without

hope, under the most fearful apprehensions. The third day was spent as the former, but the third night was still more terrible to him than the second. The religious friends were again called in ; and great was the agony of his mind. Hitherto he could not be persuaded that his prayers would avail, but at this crisis his friends prevailed upon him to join them in prayer to God in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. He now poured forth amain the cry of the publican, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' During the third night his fears subsided, and he had power to cast his soul on the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, through whom he obtained peace with God. For many years he had through infirmity been bowed almost double, and had not been able to lift his hand to his head. His employment had been to break stones on the roads. The moment, however, of his deliverance from his load of guilt and fear, he exclaimed in ecstasy, 'I am made whole both in body and soul!' He accordingly stood perfectly erect, and clasped his hands together behind his head. 'Now,' said he, 'I will request the parish to buy me a pair of spectacles that I may learn to read the Bible ; and I will myself procure a lantern to light me on the winter evenings to the Methodist chapel.' He joined himself to the society at Lanjeth, and met twice in class. About a month after his conversion he became unwell, and said to his family, 'The time is come that I must die,' He lay down for a few days upon his peaceful bed, without pain

or mental conflict, expressing his trust in the adorable Redeemer, and peacefully fell asleep in the Lord."

SUSAN, EMMA AND JERRY.

One afternoon we passed through the hospital of the women's department, stopping at the bedside of each sick one and inquiring into the state of their souls. We found many unsaved who felt their need of religion, and as there were many sick ones in other parts of the Institution who had a claim on our time, we could not pray by each bedside; so we concluded to hold a short meeting, and taking our stand in about the centre of the ward, we read aloud a portion of Scripture and sung an appropriate hymn, reading the first lines of each stanza, so that all of the inmates might join in the singing. We then gave a short exhortation, encouraging those who were seeking the Lord to cast their helpless, sinful souls on Christ just then. During the first prayer, a woman named Susan, who had been in the Home only a few days, began to weep and call on the Lord for mercy. When we saw that she was praying, we gathered around her bed, and carried her case more especially to the Lord. Her prayer was soon turned to praise. The change was sudden and glorious. She was

naturally very quiet, seldom spoke unless questioned; but when Jesus spoke the life-giving word, her tongue was loosened to speak the high praises of God, and though very weak in body, trembling like a leaf, she slowly raised up in bed and began looking at her hands; then placed them on her breast, and said, "The load is all gone;" then she would look at her hands and exclaim, "Why, my *hands* are new—I'm all new;" then glancing out of the window, she said, "The world is new too;" proving that Scripture true, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Words were inadequate to describe the change she felt. "Oh!" said she, "how the devil has had me bound; it has seemed to me that I *must* be lost. O, how I have feared to die, for I knew that I should go immediately to hell. When I was taken sick I lived on T—— street; it is a bad place; the people there are very wicked, they drink, quarrel and swear. It seemed to me that I was going to die, and began to pray the Lord to have mercy on me; but it did seem that I could not get religion among those wicked people; so I prayed and prayed for the Lord to let me come to the Home that I might get religion, and, Glory to his Name! he has done it; my load of sin is all gone. I'm so thankful, so thankful; I'm ready to die now. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

While Susan was rejoicing, we noticed that a young

girl, named Emma, lying in the next bed, was earnestly praying for herself. She was crying. "Jesus, save me, save *me*. I've given up all. I don't hold on to anything." We went to her bedside, prayed and sung with her, still she continued pleading for mercy. We encouraged her to venture on the Lord just then, and as she repeated these words, "*Jesus is my Saviour*," she seemed to receive an increase of faith, and in a few moments she exclaimed, "He's come, he's come," while the joy of the Lord beamed from her countenance. "Oh!" she said, "let me out of this bed. I can't lie here. I feel so good I don't want to stay here. I want to die and go to Glory. I'm all ready now."

For a long time she continued praising the Lord, and her face was radiant with the glory of God. Hearing the sound of rejoicing and praise of the new-born soul, several came in, and among others, the orderly of the Shatzel ward. When Emma saw her, she exclaimed, "Oh! Aunty Williams, come here, come and rejoice with me. I've found Jesus." Mr. Horton, the chaplain, also came in while they were praising the Lord, and rejoiced with the young converts. It was getting late, and we had not time to go through the male department; but two of us went up into the second ward to distribute some oranges among the sick, and to see if there were any who seemed near death. We found two very low; one had just been brought in, the other was a young man, named Jerry, with whom we had

labored a great deal. We were astonished to see the change that a single week had wrought in him, and were confident that he would not be among the living when we came again. When asked if he had yet found Jesus, he replied, "No, but I am seeking;" and then laying his hand on his breast, he added, "Oh! I'm so pressed for breath." He did not know that he was so near death. He seemed to think that he was too weak to make an effort to get saved. We said, "Jerry, you will not be here next week; get to the Lord quick. We fear this is the last opportunity we shall have to pray with you." He took the alarm and immediately began to cry for mercy. While we were singing, he prayed earnestly for himself, in feeble, whispered accents, "Lord, have mercy; Lord, have mercy. O, save my poor soul." As the first prayer was ended, he said, "Come nearer my bed, and keep on praying, O, keep on praying." We gathered around his bed, and all prayed. We felt much of the Spirit's help while carrying his case to the Lord—felt confident that the Lord would save him—and while singing, "Jesus saves me just now," we realized more and more of the divine presence. Presently a heavenly light came over his face; he smiled, and pointing upward, beckoned as if to some person, exclaiming, "O, pretty, pretty; ain't it beautiful, ain't it beautiful!" His eyes were intently fixed on something not of earth, and he seemed lost to all around, while he continued to point upward, exclaiming, "Beautiful,

beautiful! O, ain't it beautiful!" The place seemed awful and glorious. Before leaving him, we sung,

I have been redeemed, yes redeemed,
O, he has washed me in the blood of the Lamb.

He exclaimed, "Yes, I am redeemed, I am saved, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb." We left him praising the Lord. He lived only two days after. Truly, he was saved just in time.

Emma and Susan lived but a few days after their conversion, and continued happy in the Lord until the last. Emma was summoned suddenly and unexpectedly. On the morning of her death she seemed usually well, called to one in the ward, and before she could reach her bed, Emma had a hemorrhage. She whispered, "I am dying and going to Glory; I want all in this ward to come. Open the gates wide, and let me fly through"—clapped her hands and was gone.

DIGGING UP THE BURIED TALENT.

One afternoon before commencing our meeting in the ward we conversed with several of the men personally. One man said, "There is no mercy for *me*. I never prayed in my life; never felt like praying; never felt any desire for religion, and I have never

had any convictions about religion. So there is no use of my trying to seek the Lord." "And where do you expect to go when you die?" we asked. He replied, "*I expect to go to hell!*" All this was said in a light, careless manner and tone of voice, which was shocking to hear.

The time had come to begin the meeting and we took for the subject that afternoon the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. When we came to the account of the man who had buried his talent, after making some comments on the "wicked and slothful servant," we paused, and pointing over to James said, "*There is the man who has buried his talent.* That young man once had the talent of light and conviction, for the Spirit lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. But he refused to walk in the light, and has buried his talent, until now his mind has become so dark that he does not remember of ever having had any feeling on the subject. And he is making God responsible for all his sins. He is saying, 'Lord, thou art a hard master; thou dost require me to repent, but I can't until thou dost convict me; thou dost require me to serve thee, but thou dost not give me grace to do so. Ah! Lord, thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed.'" All eyes in the ward were fastened on him. James dropped his head and appeared ashamed; it was an arrow that pierced that hardened heart. He was immediately brought under deep awakening,

and set about seeking the salvation of his soul. He did not wait any longer for the Lord to send an earthquake to convict him of his need of Christ. The next Wednesday afternoon when an invitation was given for sinners to come to the altar for prayer, James was the first to respond to the call. He was all broken down before the Lord, weeping and crying for mercy, and he never ceased to agonize at the throne of grace until he was powerfully and gloriously converted. There are many others, who, like James, are waiting for the Lord to convict them in some extraordinary way before they will break off from their sins and seek pardon. They do not consider that knowledge is conviction. If a blind man were walking directly toward a precipice where he would soon step off to his own destruction, would not the knowledge of his danger be sufficient caution to make him change his course? If a man in a boat should find himself in the rapids of Niagara how much *conviction* would he need beside the knowledge of his perilous condition, to induce him to row for the shore? Or, if a criminal in prison under sentence of death, with the day of execution fixed, should be informed that the Governor offered him a pardon, would he not quickly and thankfully accept? Would he not be thought insane should he coolly reply, "I am not *convicted* of my *need* of pardon. When I feel the rope about my neck and my feet press the fatal drop, I may accept the Governor's offer of mercy."

And do not sinners act even more irrationally? They are condemned by the law of God, are *under sentence of eternal death*, and have only to stop breathing to have that sentence speedily executed. But they are calmly waiting for some extraordinary conviction before they will accept of offered mercy. How strange that men will act reasonably in regard to the things that pertain to this life but most absurdly in respect to the things of eternity.

MARTHA AND ALICE.

THESE two young women entered the Home about the same time. Both were unsaved. Martha was soon awakened to a sense of her lost condition while out of Christ, and among other penitents presented herself at the altar for prayer in the meetings. She was quiet and reserved, and made but little ado; but her streaming tears, earnest prayers, and persevering efforts for the salvation of her soul told how deeply in earnest she was to find the pearl of great price. For several weeks, in every Wednesday afternoon meeting, when an invitation was given for mourners to come to the altar, Martha was invariably among the first to respond to the call; though weak in faith she seemed to say by her continual coming,

Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

We became deeply interested in this timid, doubting soul, and endeavored, as best we could, to lead her to Christ. She seemed to have a deep sense of her own sinfulness and unworthiness, with but little idea of God's mercy and willingness to save through Christ.

Alice, a wicked young woman who had recently come from the South, had until this time resisted all the preaching, praying, and religious influences at the Home. But one Wednesday afternoon she came into the meeting and an arrow of truth reached her heart. She was powerfully awakened, and when an opportunity was given for souls to come forward for prayer, she quickly went and knelt at the altar. Like blind Bartimeus, she ceased not to cry until Jesus spoke her sins forgiven, and bid her "go in peace and sin no more." Then she seemed almost beside herself with joy. She arose and with uplifted hands danced up and down the aisle shouting, "Glory to God! oh, glory to God! He has pardoned all my sins." After praising the Lord for some length of time, she began to exhort sinners in

the chapel and the mourners around the altar. "Oh," she said, "gib up yer pride. Jesus can't bless you till you git down. Oh, down with yer *dignify*. I tell yer down with yer dignify. Jesus don't want nothin' of yer dignify. You mus' git down as humble as a dog. I had to gib up dis vain worl'. I gib all, yes, *all* for Christ an' I'se got him in my soul." For some time she continued to talk in this strain.

Alice had a powerful voice, was a sweet singer, and soon became very useful in the meetings. But poor Martha left the chapel unblest, mourning like Job, "O that I knew where I might find him." She was a victim of consumption, and was soon unable to leave her bed. But she continued an earnest seeker of salvation; like the importunate widow she carried her trouble to the Lord until He gave her the desire of her heart. But unlike that of Alice, the work was wrought so gradually in her heart that she hardly knew when the change took place. But when we were talking to her one day in regard to her experience she said, "I believe that Jesus has forgiven my sins. I feel no condemnation and no fear of death; but I have not that strong assurance and fullness of joy that I feel it my privilege to have." We told her to look away from her feelings and believe in Jesus for the witness he had promised to give, even "the Spirit itself bearing witness with her spirit that she was a child of God." We felt the Lord very near and urged her to look for it

that moment. We then engaged in prayer and asked the Lord to make her sky very clear, and fully satisfy her soul. In a few moments her faith claimed Christ, and the Spirit quickly filled her heart with "all joy and peace in believing," and caused her to "abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." Though very weak she praised the Lord with a clear, full voice. "Glory be to God!" she exclaimed, "he owns me for his child; yes, he owns *me* for his child. I can no longer fear. Glory, glory, glory!" Her face was all aglow with heavenly light. She continued very happy from that hour, and died soon after. She exhorted all around her who were unsaved to prepare to meet her in heaven, and those who professed religion to be faithful, then bade them all farewell, and when too weak to speak she raised her hand, pointed upwards, and with a heavenly smile passed away.

The effect of the Spirit on these two minds was apparently as different as their natural dispositions. Alice was bold and impulsive, her awakening and conversion were sudden, and her exercises demonstrative. Martha, who was gentle and retiring, was led more slowly and quietly but not less surely to the fountain of living waters.

MR. VAN ALSTYNE.

We found this young man fast wasting away with that fatal disease—consumption. When questioned as to the state of his soul he said that he was not prepared for death, but was praying and trying to get to Jesus. We encouraged him to cast his helpless, sinful soul on Christ, who was waiting to be gracious to him. One day while we were praying with him, his faith gathered strength to claim the world's redeemer as his Saviour, and that moment his chains fell off, his soul was free, and peace like a river flowed through his broken, contrite heart. His conversion was clear, and from that hour his life though full of suffering was one of triumph. All who knew him testified that he lived a most consistent christian. He was usually very quiet, but his peaceful, happy face told of joys that his lips did not utter. He was very happy all through his last sickness. At one time he said to us, "I can't express my feelings as some do, but I am happy. Sometimes as I lay here and get to thinking of heaven and how good it will be to be there, it rejoices me so that I laugh aloud, I can't help it. Oh, how sweet Jesus is to my soul. I long to go and be with him, yet I am willing to suffer just as long as he sees best. I say 'dear Lord, just as pleases thee. I can wait.'" Our hearts were often made glad as he talked to us of the goodness of God. He died as peacefully as one falling asleep.

ELIZA SAYLES.

This woman entered the Home very sick with heart disease and dropsy. When we first spoke to her we found she was very anxious about her soul. "Oh!" said she, "I want religion. I want to save my soul; that is all I want now. I ought to have attended to it long ago, but I hope it is not too late. I hope God will not cast me off now, at this late hour. Night and day I am praying for Jesus to forgive my sins." We always felt much of the Spirit's help while praying with her, and at times she would exercise a measure of faith which brought a degree of peace to her soul—but this was not abiding. She would again yield to unbelief and groan, being burdened. One day while in great distress of soul, she requested a blind girl named Annie to read to her. Annie took her Testament, and passing her fingers over the raised letters, read aloud the fourteenth chapter of St. John. It was the bread of heaven to poor Eliza's soul. As she listened to the comforting words, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God believe also in me," her faith grasped the precious promise, and in a moment she received the witness of sins forgiven, and "rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." The next day, as we accosted her with the usual salutation, "How do you do to-day, Eliza?" she threw up both hands, and with flowing tears exclaimed, "*Splendid,*

splendid, splendid ; Jesus has given me a new heart." Her emotions overcame her for a few moments ; then she replied more calmly, "I can't tell you as I want to—it hurts me so to talk—but it's glorious. I'm so happy—all ready to go. I know that Jesus saves even me. I only regret that I had not found him long ago." She lived only a few days after her conversion. The last time we saw her, just before she died, she said, "It grows brighter and brighter all the time. Jesus fills my soul."

ELLA.

One afternoon as we visited the Home we were met with a request from the doctor not to labor in the hospital that day, as there were some very sick, and he feared to have them disturbed. The orderly of that department, not knowing of the doctor's request, sent for us to come to the hospital immediately, as there was a young woman seeking religion, who wished much to see the missionaries. We did not go, but prayed the Lord to let her live to get saved. On our next visit she was alive, but so weak she could only whisper. She was still in great distress of mind, calling on God for mercy. We gathered around her bed and carried her case to the Lord in prayer. She was told to cast her helpless

soul with all her sins on Jesus, and trust him to save her that very hour. While we were singing "Come to Jesus, just now," she was enabled to lay hold on Christ by faith, and believe in him as her Saviour. Her prayers were quickly turned to praise, and her sorrow to "joy unspeakable and full of glory." A remarkable change appeared in her countenance, and such victory and glory that her very looks were sufficient to convict sinners.

After her conversion she was much strengthened in body, and continued in the same triumphant state of mind for about three weeks, when she was drawn into a subtle snare of the enemy which well nigh proved her ruin. Before Ella's conversion a catholic woman was admitted and placed in the hospital. There are but few catholics among the colored people, and these usually have but little zeal for their religion. But this woman seemed of a very different spirit. She was quite intelligent, and appeared to have been trained by her church for missionary work. She was kind and obliging, interesting herself in the sick, waiting on them by day and night. As soon as Ella was converted she began to give her great attention, would wait on her at all times, and let her want for nothing that she could do, at the same time instructing her in the catholic religion. At one of our visits we noticed this woman's devotion to the young convert and were pained to see a marked change in Ella, and asked if the woman was not influencing her in the wrong

way. She replied, "No, I do not think that she is;" but it proved too true. On the following week we were met by Mr. Horton, the chaplain, who requested us to go at once and see Ella. He had been conversing with her and found that the catholic priest had been there and baptized her, and was coming again soon. We went immediately to her ward, but alas! what a change had come over poor Ella; the blackness of despair was settled on that once heaven-illuminated countenance. Sad and sullen, with her face half concealed by the bed-clothes, she refused to have any conversation with us. We talked to her for some time and asked which made her the happier, the protestant or the catholic religion, but all to no purpose. We saw that nothing could be done by talking or reasoning, so we went to prayer and besought the Lord to undertake her case, and break the enemy's cruel power over her. It was getting late and we had to leave her until another week, but we continued to carry her case to the Lord. In the meantime the catholic woman was removed from the hospital and placed in a ward with some of the old saints who were strong enough to resist her wiles. Soon after the change was made she left the Home. The next time we visited Ella we found her deeply penitent, but greatly depressed in spirit. Her first words were, "Jesus is gone from me. Do pray, oh, do pray and ask Jesus to come again to my soul!" We immediately engaged in prayer. She had a severe struggle before the power

of darkness was broken. But the Captain of our salvation, who is "mighty to save" and "strong to deliver;" and who was "manifested to destroy the works of the devil," gave victory—bless his holy name! The Father again embraced his prodigal child, the light of God shone on her bewildered mind, his pardoning love filled her soul, and she again praised the Lord with all her ransomed powers. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "Jesus has come again to my poor soul." And we truly felt that it was so, for the glory of the Lord seemed to fill the place. Her countenance once more shone with divine glory. We committed her to the Lord and left her praising her great Deliverer. Her eyes followed us until we left the ward. In a day or two after, she died. Her last words were, "All is well!"

AUNT MARY WALTON.

There has been a glorious work done at the Home among the aged, some of whom were quite advanced in life. Among these is Aunt Mary Walton, who was converted to God in the seventy-sixth year of her age. She had been seeking the Lord for several months when her distress of soul became so great that she could neither eat nor sleep. One Wednesday afternoon the orderly of her ward sent for the

missionaries to come and pray with Aunt Mary. We found her mourning in great agony of mind. We immediately knelt in prayer, and after laboring with her about an hour she was enabled to look away from herself to Christ and claim him as her Saviour. That moment the burden of sin was removed and a deep peace took possession of her soul, but the witness of the Spirit, the full assurance that the work was done, was not yet given. We urged her to keep looking to the Lord and to expect it every moment. We were obliged to leave, but as we were coming out we met Mr. Mackey, who had just closed the meeting in the chapel. We asked him to go in and see Aunt Mary ; he did so, and while he was singing with her the witness of the Spirit was given, as clear as the noonday sun, and she "rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory," and could sing,

I know that my Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives.

Considering her age Aunt Mary's conversion was truly a wonderful work of grace, and has produced much conviction among the aged in her ward. She lived some three years after her conversion, during which time she was truly a shining light.

MARTHA HARRIS.

Martha was a young girl eighteen years of age, in whom we took a deep interest from the time she entered the Colored Home. When we first saw her she was confined to her bed, suffering with heart disease and rheumatism. When asked if she had friends living in the city she replied, "I have *no* friends. I am from Baltimore, and my mother has died since I came North." Oh! how those words went to our hearts—"I have no friends." And as we looked at this poor motherless girl lying on a sick-bed among strangers, and at the same time conscious that she had no one in the wide world to love or care for her, we lifted our hearts in gratitude and thanksgiving for our earthly friends. Presently we asked, "Is Jesus your friend? Are you a Christian?" "No," she replied, "I wish I was." We then told her that since she was without earthly friends she certainly needed Jesus, a friend to whom she could go with all her sorrows, cares and trials, and feel that he cared for and sympathized with her—"a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The tears rolled down her cheeks as we talked to her about Jesus. From that day, whenever we talked with her about religious things her eyes would fill with tears, and she always manifested a great desire to get to Jesus and have her sins all washed away in his precious blood. She said she was praying all

the time and believed God would come and save her. After a few weeks she became somewhat better, and was able one Wednesday afternoon to attend the prayer meeting. She was among the first who responded to the invitation for those seeking Jesus to come to the altar. She was so weak and her limbs were so stiff that she was unable to kneel, but sat in a chair by the side of the altar. She wept bitterly, begging the Lord to have mercy on her poor soul. Presently she seemed to have a view of the way of faith, and instantly she sprang to her feet shouting, "Thank God! Now Jesus is my friend. I have no friends here below, but now Jesus is my friend. When I came to the meeting I thought I was too weak and lame to go to the altar, and when I came here I thought I was too weak to pray and get blessed. But the Lord helped me to the altar, helped me to pray, and then forgave all my sins and made me so happy. Thank God and thank Jesus too! He has placed my feet on the rock of eternal ages, where the winds may blow and the storms may beat, but I shall stand forever. Thank God and thank Jesus too!" After the meeting had closed she told us that she was now so well that she was going out to service the following week and earn sufficient money to defray her expenses to the South, as she thought these Northern winds caused her rheumatism. But alas! man proposes but God disposes. The next day after her conversion Martha took a fresh cold, which confined her to her bed,

and at the expiration of four weeks death gave her a happy release from earthly sufferings, and she passed away to her home on high, where

No chilling winds or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

She was very happy all through her last sickness although her sufferings were extreme. "Oh!" she said, "it seems so much easier *now* to bear my pain than it was before I got religion. What *would* I do without my Jesus?" At one time she was heard to exclaim, "Oh, how sweet is this religion! It is sweeter than honey in the honey-comb." During her brief sickness of four weeks she would oftentimes remark, "I was converted just in time."

One day as we were talking with another sick girl in the same ward, she pointed over to Martha's bed and said, "She has got religion. Oh, if I was only as ready to die as she is how glad I should be!" Thus Martha, by the patient endurance of her sufferings, was enabled to shed an influence for good upon those around her, although her pain of body was so extreme as to render her incapable of conversing with them. A short time before her spirit took its flight she repeated these lines,

I'll lean my head on Jesus' breast,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

*

JAMES STEELE.

This man was brought to the Home very sick. On conversing with him in reference to his soul we found him very ignorant about spiritual things. We have seldom found one whose mind was so dark. He would admit that he had a soul, and he supposed he ought to be converted, but yet he seemed to feel no concern for himself. After talking with him for some time, and observing that he appeared to be suffering much, we asked, "Is there anything that we can do for you?" He replied, "If you will bring me something to eat. There is plenty here for the well folks, but the sick can't eat it. Now ladies, if you will bring me a little nourishing food I will be very grateful." On leaving the Home we stepped into a grocery near by and ordered some nourishment to be sent him that night. This act of kindness won his entire confidence, so that ever after he listened attentively to what we had to say about religion; and that God who hath said, "I am the Lord, the God of all flesh, is there anything too hard for me?" took his case in hand, enlightened his dark understanding and gave him to see himself

A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

As the light of the Spirit shone on his dark heart,
revealing his utter sinfulness and helplessness out of

Christ, he became greatly concerned about his eternal welfare and at times almost sank into despair. One day as we entered the Home a man came in haste, saying, "Mr. Steele is dying in great distress of mind and he wants the missionaries to come and pray with him." We went immediately, but before we reached the ward the Lord spoke peace to his troubled soul, so that instead of praying we joined in praising his great Deliverer. As we drew near his bed he reached out his hand saying, "Oh, I'm so glad you have come. I wanted to tell you what I feel, but I can't. Oh, it's so *sweet*, so sweet, *Jesus has come!* Oh, how sweet! I can't thank you enough for showing me this good precious way; O that I had known it before! How I wish that *everybody* would come and get it, it's free for all. Oh, what a treasure I have found—I can't tell it! Why, I have a *kingdom*. I feel the life of God in my soul; yes, *eternal* life, and nobody can take it from me. The Holy Ghost has come. O for words to express what I feel." Here he seemed to get a view of the heavenly land and began to speak of the "Home of the Blest" as though he were already there, "Oh!" said he, "what sweet fruit. Why I am feeding on rich grapes. I'm under the *tree of life*. Oh, how sweet—and the water of life! I don't want anything more of this world since I have tasted of these. What I get down here is like eating out of swill-barrels and drinking out of mud puddles compared with what I get up yonder. And such company. Oh, Jesus is

so sweet, so sweet! Sweeter than roses; sweeter than apple blossoms in June; sweeter than two kegs of honey; sweeter than all the sweet things in the world—and he is mine. I feel that his blood washes me all clean. I am dying, but I would like to live a little longer to try to tell it.” He asked to see one of the young doctors who had attended him. When he came he took him by the hand and began to talk of Jesus and what he had done for his soul. “Oh,” said he, “doctor, if you have not found him and this sweet salvation, I beg of you to seek it. You are young and have a good practice, but if you had all the city of New York it would be nothing compared with this. Oh, it’s worth all the world! O doctor, get it, *believe in Jesus*. The Jews knew that he was Christ but they would not own it.” He continued talking in this way for some length of time, while the doctor listened attentively, seemed somewhat moved and replied, “Well, Mr. Steele, I have tried to do you all the good I could, but I could not cure you.” “I know you have,” responded the dying man, “and I thank you for it; but I want you to get this sweet salvation and meet me in heaven.” We were informed that the young doctor was a Jew, and this explained to our minds why he referred to the Jews in his conversation with him. We felt that God was in the man speaking to the heart of that unbeliever, and had chosen the weak and ignorant to confound the worldly-wise. Mr. Steele lived a few days longer to the astonishment of all, for while we sat by his side

we expected every moment that his happy soul would be freed from its clay tenement. He continued in the same triumphant frame of mind, praising God almost continually while reason lasted. For a few hours before he died he sank into a state of unconsciousness.

CONVERSION OF A CHINESE.

Among the many interesting conversions that we have witnessed at the Home was that of a Chinese. When first spoken to on the subject of religion we found him in heathen darkness. He said he did not believe in God, heaven or hell, and that he had never felt troubled about his soul, for he did not think he had one. We endeavored to instruct him in the things of religion from time to time, and warned him of his danger and of the awful consequences of dying out of Christ, as he would then be lost forever. At length the Holy Spirit began to enlighten his mind, convicting and convincing him of sin, so that he became a willing and earnest listener to all that we said, and manifested great concern for the salvation of his soul. One Wednesday afternoon he presented himself at the altar for prayer, when the "Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings," shining away the darkness and error

of heathenism, and leading his simple, earnest soul to "the fountain opened in the house of David for sin and for uncleanness." He gave in his testimony in the meeting with much feeling. He could speak but little of our language, but we could understand him when laying his hand on his breast he said, "*I feel Jesus in my heart! I feel Jesus in my heart!*"

HATTIE.

One day while visiting at the Home we were told that there was a young girl in one of the wards unsaved and lying at the point of death. We soon learned that she was so low the doctors did not allow any one to see her. The next time we went to the Home she was somewhat better, but still considered too low to bear any excitement. We stepped to her bed and spoke a few words to her about Jesus, the sinner's friend. The tears flowed down her cheeks. "Oh," said she, "I am a great sinner, but if Jesus will have mercy on me and forgive all my sins, I will serve him as long as I live. Oh, do pray for me." But we were obliged to leave her without complying with her request. On the following Wednesday we went to the ward to carry her some nourishment, and asked how she felt in body. She burst into tears and said, "O ladies, will you

come and pray with me?" She was very low, and we thought her dying, but we gathered around her bed and began to sing. As we knelt in prayer her agony of soul was intense. "Oh!" said she, "I have been almost in hell. I saw the horrible pit, and I was just over it, ready to sink, but I begged the Lord to have mercy on me and not let me drop in, and I would turn from all my wicked ways and serve him, and now I mean to do it. Here I am, Lord; here I am. I give myself to thee. Oh, do, please Jesus, forgive all my sins, and I will serve thee." At length she began to trust the Saviour, and in a few moments her soul was filled with joy and peace, and she praised the Lord with all her ransomed powers. She called the orderly and told her what Jesus had done for her soul. "Oh!" said she, "the Lord has pardoned all my sins. I lie here to-day on this sick bed, but by to-morrow I may be with the angels in heaven. Oh, how glad I am that God spared my life until I found my Saviour!" She thanked us again and again for praying with her. But we told her to thank Jesus for he had done it all. She then commenced praying for her unconverted parents who lived at Washington, and begged us to remember them in prayer. The Wednesday after her conversion we were surprised to see Hattie in the meeting. She was very happy and her testimony was, "The Lord has not only blessed my soul but he has blessed my body too; and since then I have been getting strong *so fast*." She soon recovered her usual health and left the Home.

A SPANIARD

One day while passing through the wards, conversing with the inmates of the Home, our attention was especially drawn to a young Spaniard who, sick with consumption, had recently entered the institution. He looked very sad as he told us of his lonely condition, with no friends here, sick, and far from home. We told him about Jesus, the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The tears coursed down his cheeks as he replied, "O ladies, dat is what I wants, dis Jesus you tells about." We asked if he was sorry for his sins, and explained to him the plan of salvation by faith in Christ. He seemed to comprehend it at once, and said, laying his hand on his heart, "I so sorry for all my sins. I wants Jesus to take dem all away." While we sang and prayed with him his simple faith laid hold on Christ, and joy unspeakable filled his soul. His face lit up with the glory he could not express, and looking at us he said, "I no 'fear'd to die now. Jesus forgive all my sins; Jesus take me to heaven." He continued very happy in his soul. A few days after his conversion when we asked if Jesus was with him he replied, "Oh, yes; Jesus with me all de time, and he make me feel so good." Feeling somewhat better in body, he soon left the Home.

ALICE

We found this young girl at the Home confined to her bed, very sick, and all unprepared to die. As we talked with her one day she began to weep, "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I feel that this is my last sickness. I don't think I shall live long, and I am not ready to die. Oh, if I had only given my heart to God before, if I was only ready now to meet God! but I am not." Then she would weep violently and ask the Lord to have mercy on her soul. We sang and prayed with her, endeavoring to point her to Jesus as the "Lamb of God," who would even then take away her sins, if she would but confess and forsake them and believe in the Lord Jesus. Before we left she felt somewhat encouraged, though not satisfied. After this, when talking and praying with her she always wept and would often say, "Oh, why is it that I cannot get religion? I have prayed, I have repented of my sins, I have wept before the Lord; what more can I do? One day we asked, "Alice, supposing the Lord should raise you from this sick-bed, would you go back to your old wicked ways?" Very emphatically she replied, "Oh, no, no! I want nothing more to do with the devil's works. I want Jesus." Still she did not get saved, and we often wondered what it could be that held her. One Monday afternoon we had been praying with Alice and were about leaving the ward when she called us to her bedside

and said, "There is something on my mind I would like to tell you, I have often wanted to speak of it but didn't know as it was best. But yesterday, while the chaplain was talking with me, and I told him I did not know what it could be that hindered me from getting saved, he said that there was a girl at the Home some time ago who entered under an assumed name, and she had to acknowledge it. Oh, how this did make me feel! Immediately I knew that I must confess what I had done. Now, my name is not *Alice* — but *Isabella* —. I have been a very wild girl, and have been the means of bringing many, many gray hairs in my mother's head. I gave this false name so that if she should advertise she would be unable to find me. I don't know where my poor mother is. Oh, how I want to see her! I have confessed this to you and now I must tell the doctors, then I will feel that every obstacle has been removed. Oh! I feel so much lighter and better since I told you this, and I do believe it won't be long before I shall know that my sins are all forgiven."

On the following Wednesday as we entered the ward we noticed that the doctors had changed the name on the card over her bed—it now read *Isabella* —. She had not yet found Jesus, but was feeling greatly encouraged. Many times after this she would tell us that she had a very quick temper, and if the Lord would only help her to overcome that she felt she could be saved; but under the least

provocation she would get angry, then feel discouraged and think she could never get religion there, where she was constantly coming in contact with such a variety of dispositions. She said that she prayed and asked the Lord to keep her, but then in an unguarded moment she would get angry with some one of the girls. She wept bitterly while telling us of these failures. One day we read to her the fifth chapter of Matthew, and when we had finished it she said, "That is just what I need ; I ought to read that chapter every day."

On the following Wednesday she was able to go into meeting, and when an invitation was given for those seeking religion to come to the altar, Isabella was the first to go. For nearly an hour she wept and prayed, the tears and perspiration rolling down her face ; she would cry, "O Lord, *do* have mercy on my poor soul ; why have I stayed away so long ? Oh, why can't my sins be pardoned ?" While they were singing

He arose, he arose, he arose from the dead,
And the angel rolled the stone away,

the Spirit of God was sensibly felt and Isabella seemed very near the kingdom of grace. While singing that hymn another seeker named Lizzie, who was kneeling at the end of the altar, received the witness that her sins were pardoned, and springing to her feet she began to shout the praises of God. We heard but little she said, however, for our attention

was more on Isabella, as we had for so many weeks been praying for her, and were very anxious she should be saved that hour. For some length of time she was constantly saying, "I do believe, I *do* believe; take away my unbelief, Lord." Presently she arose and with uplifted hands and tears coursing down her cheeks exclaimed, "Lord, I do now, before thee and in the presence of all these people, promise to serve thee as long as I live. Help me now to believe in thee. I *do* believe, oh, glory!"—and that moment her faith grasped the blessing and her mourning was turned to joy. She walked up and down the aisle embracing the saints and exhorting her unsaved friends to come to Jesus. Her joy was unspeakable. A few days after this she was again confined to her bed, and as we were sympathizing with her in her bodily sufferings she said, "Oh, I don't mind these aches and pains now that my mind is at rest. Now when I am in trouble I know to whom to go for help."

A few months after her conversion Isabella became so much stronger in body that she was able to leave the Home, and went as nurse-girl with a Christian family of this city. But she went taking Jesus with her.

MARY BEAMS.

This young woman was a resident of Philadelphia in early life, during which time she was converted to God and joined the Bethel Church of that city, of which the Rev. Mr. Williams subsequently became pastor. After some length of time she came to New York, where she was married to James Beams, a gifted, pious young man, a local preacher and class-leader in the Zion Church of this city. He was one of the "sweet singers of Israel," and his church speaks of him as having been very useful in helping on the work of God.

They lived happily together for about two years, when James was laid on his death-bed. He was blessed with much of the divine presence during his sickness, and longed to depart and be with Christ. The night that he died he said to a young man, an intimate friend and brother in the Lord, "Philip, I want you to promise me that you will look after my wife and child when I am gone." The young man assured him that he would do so. A cloud of divine glory filled the room where this good man met his fate. After repeated expressions of thanksgiving and gratitude to God for his mercies, and to his friends for their kindness, he sang in a clear and melodious strain,

This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

And in a few minutes after his

Ransomed spirit soared away
To mingle in the blaze of day.

Mary felt her loss very keenly. James was a most affectionate husband, a good provider, and being so eminently spiritual he was a great help to her in the divine life. After his death, her health being poor and her nerves very weak, she fell into a state of despondency and gave way to evil reasonings and murmurings against the Lord. This want of submission to the divine will brought great hardness and darkness over her heart, and she soon became a backslider from God. Having but few friends in the city, and those few being devoted Christians, she shrank from meeting them after she had turned away from her Saviour.

She recovered a measure of strength and then felt that she must do something for the support of herself and child. Having obtained a situation she placed her babe with Mrs. S., a kind-hearted widow, who being in feeble health was glad to

have the care of the little boy and receive a small sum for her reward. After Mary went to her service place her friends lost all trace of her for more than two years. During this time her former pastor, Mr. Williams, was sent by his conference to the Bethel Church of this city. He often inquired after Mary, but could obtain no information respecting her. But one day as he was crossing the street he saw her on the opposite side. He immediately went to her, and, taking her by the hand, tenderly inquired into the state of her soul. She told him that she had lost her religion. He talked to her kindly for some time and urged her to promise that she would begin to pray. "No," she replied, "I can't pray. I have not prayed for a long time. God has dealt very hard with me. He has taken away my husband and my all. I *can't* pray; I *won't* pray!"

Soon after this interview her health, which was always delicate, entirely failed, and she was prostrated on a sick bed with consumption. She was carried to the house of Mrs. S., who had the care of her child. There she found a temporary shelter, which was miserable indeed but the best that Mrs. S. could furnish, for she was herself a poor consumptive, and far gone with that disease. She had become too weak to take proper care of her room, and her only help was two daughters who were quite young and knew but very little about work. Consequently their room had become too

filthy for the abode of any human being. In this wretched place we found poor Mary Beams. One miserable, filthy bed with scanty covering served for the whole family, consisting of Mrs. S., her two girls and little Jimmy Beams. Mary was lying on a hard couch in a most uncomfortable condition. There was a striking contrast between the lovely occupant of that narrow couch and her surroundings in the dismal, dirty room. Mary was a neat, tidy young woman ; intelligent, refined, and very beautiful.

When she was questioned in regard to her prospects for eternity, she said that she was not ready for death, but was praying and was very desirous to find the Saviour. The missionaries called to see her often. One day while praying with her she received a measure of peace but was not fully satisfied. The whole family was in a suffering condition for food, fuel, bedding and clothing. Mary begged to be removed from that filthy place, and said she would be glad to be taken to the Home. Through the kindness of a benevolent lady of this city this suffering family was made comparatively comfortable. Mary was placed on a soft pillow in a carriage and one of our missionaries accompanied her to the Home. Shortly after she entered the institution her wasted form was placed upon a water-bed, which is a rubber bed filled with several barrels of water, making it so soft and flexible that a poor consumptive can lie upon it for many months without suffering from bed-sores. Not so with those

who are obliged to lie on the hard straw beds ; the bones soon wear through the skin and their sufferings on this account are indescribable. They have but one water-bed at the Home. This was brought there by a sick woman who died and left it to the institution. If some of the Lord's stewards would use a few hundred dollars to provide water-beds for the Home, where so many of these poor creatures die with this lingering disease—consumption—what a noble deed of charity it would be. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." (Matt. v., 7.)

Mary lived nearly a year after she went to the Home. Being placed upon the water bed she was quite comfortable, suffering but little until a few weeks before her death. For several weeks she had many conflicts of mind, but after a time her religious experience became clear and satisfactory, and joy unspeakable filled her soul. She told us that Jesus revealed himself to her one night when all in the ward were asleep.

Her former pastor, Mr. Williams, and her friend Philip and others, being informed that she was at the Home, visited her frequently. Her friends would gladly have removed her, but she was too low to endure the fatigue. She had the best of care at the Home, and was a general favorite with all. She often said to us, "I can never thank you enough for getting me out of that dreadful place. I don't think I could have lived one week longer suffer-

ing as I did. Now I am so comfortable ; everybody is kind to me here. I don't want for anything, and it is so clean here, so clean." In regard to having nourishment provided for her she was favored above many. Philip let her want for nothing that he could procure. After her conversion she had but one earthly care, and that was the dear child she had left in that uncomfortable place. She begged us if possible to bring him to her. We soon obtained a "permit" to take him to the Home, but when we went for the child Mrs. S. and the family were unwilling to part with him. They had become so deeply attached to the little fellow that we could in no way persuade them to let him go. They said his mother would soon die and then they intended to care for Jimmy. We saw that Mrs. S. was fast failing and concluded not to take the child until after her death. She lived through the summer months and died early in the fall. Then little Jimmy was left to the care of the two girls. Soon after her death we went to get the child, supposing that they would now be glad to be relieved of their burden. But we found these young girls as unwilling to let him go as had been the mother. He had a large place in their hearts, and they clung to him with all the devotion of affectionate sisters. But Mary, knowing that Mrs. S. was dead, and that the young girls were unfit to have the care of the child, became greatly concerned for his welfare. We endeavored by kind persuasions to induce

them to take Jimmy to his mother, but all to no purpose. Finally, as a last resort, we were compelled to state the case to the Superintendent of the Out-door Poor, who immediately sent an officer to take the child. When the girls learned that they were compelled to let him go they wept aloud. He was brought to our house in a wretched condition; his clothing was filthy and covered with vermin. After he was thoroughly cleansed and neatly clothed we took him to his mother.

Jimmy was about three years old, beautiful, and remarkably intelligent. We were often reminded of what was said of the child Jesus, "They were astonished at his understanding and answers." During his stay in the hospital several deaths occurred. One day, having seen the lifeless form of one of the inmates placed in a coffin and carried from the ward, he ran to his mother and climbing upon a bench by the bedside, he threw his arms around her neck and began to cry. "Oh, mamma," said he, "you is sick. Is you going to die? I don't want you put in that box." Mary pacified the child by replying, "No, Jimmy dear, mamma is not going to die; she is only going to heaven where papa is, and where Jimmy is going too." These tender expressions of the little one wrung the mother's heart, and made her feel that it would be better to send him away before that solemn event took place. Philip had kindly offered to adopt the child. But Mary's aunt, who lived near Phila-

delphia, hearing that she was about to die, came to visit her and offered to take little Jimmy into their family as an own son. As they are in comfortable circumstances and have no children, the mother gladly consented. So they took the child to Philadelphia.

Mary lived but a short time after this. She suffered extremely for a few weeks, but with great patience. None ever heard a murmur escape her lips. We shall never forget her pale, sweet face with its hectic flush, her soft brown eyes beaming with the light of heaven, and the cheerful smile that greeted us week after week as we entered her ward. She looked truly angelic. At one time she said to us, "I suffer greatly, but I am happy in my soul, and would rather lie here on this bed of pain and suffering than to be the daughter of A. T. Stewart or Cornelius Vanderbilt without religion." The last time we saw her she was suffering extremely, and as we sympathized with her she replied, "Yes, I know I am a great sufferer, but I lie here and think how much *more* my blessed Redeemer has suffered for me, and besides, it is only for a short time. It will soon be over. All is well." When dying she said to one standing by, "Oh, don't you feel glad that I am so near home?" She repeatedly expressed a desire to see the missionaries.

Philip most nobly kept his promise to his dying brother, James Beams, by doing everything in his power for his widow and orphan. He had Mary's

remains placed in a neat coffin and taken to the Bethel Church, where Mr. Williams preached a solemn sermon to a large and attentive congregation. He gave a brief but most interesting account of Mary's former experience when she was under his pastoral care in Philadelphia. From the church her remains were carried to Cypress Hills Cemetery and interred in the same grave with her husband.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

CHAPTER IX.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCES.

WE once had but little faith for the salvation of desperate sinners, especially when on their dying beds. But since our experience in this mission work we are constrained to say with one of old, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons," but "*Whosoever will* may come and take the water of life freely." Instead of laboring with such souls as formerly, with our own minds full of doubts and unbelief, questioning whether or no they have not sinned away their day of grace or committed the unpardonable sin, or perhaps their repentance is not genuine, we now approach the dying sinner like one of the bitten Israelites of old who, having been healed of the deadly wound himself, sets about helping his friends and neighbors to the same remedy. He does not question God's willingness to heal *everybody* who looks at the brazen serpent; for the promise is, "And it shall come to pass that *every one* that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live." (Num. xxi., 8.) And Jesus says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the

wilderness even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life." (John iii., 14, 15.) *Whosoever*—that means everybody ; so when we find these poor sinners on their death-beds, instead of looking at the difficulties in the way of their conversion we point them to Jesus, who says, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." And why not offer the Saviour to a sick and dying sinner as well as to one in health? We would approach the vilest when not sick, and urge them to break off from their sins and give their hearts to God. Is *death-sickness* the unpardonable sin? But it is thought that those who seek religion on their death-beds do so from necessity and would not repent did not death stare them in the face. Well, thank the Lord, then, for sickness and death, if nothing else would bring them to the Saviour. They had better be saved "so as by fire" than not at all.

Others hold that death-bed conversions, as a rule, are not genuine, because so many who profess to be converted in time of sickness, on being restored to health return to their former evil ways, and seem to lose all serious feelings and concern for their souls. But is not the same true of revivals of religion? How many of those who profess to be converted in revival meetings persevere and become established christians? Sickness and death we believe to be the only way in which the Lord can save many poor careless sinners. Paul speaks of delivering some

“unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus.” (1 Cor., v., 5.) And if *sickness* and *death* be God’s appointed means, how careful should we be to coöperate with his merciful designs in saving deathless souls. But let not the neglecter of salvation, who may read these pages, decide that a death-bed is the most favorable place for repentance. The experience of all who have tried it, even those who were converted at that late hour, is quite to the contrary. They speak of it as a very unfit place to do the great business for eternity. And this testimony is true for the following reasons :

First.—There is often so much of bodily pain attending the death sickness, that it is exceedingly difficult and oftentimes quite impossible to turn the mind to the concerns of the soul.

Second.—The dying sinner often loses his reason and is unconscious of his perilous condition until he awakes in the eternal world. Or the nature of his disease may be such that he does not apprehend danger until even the death-bed opportunity for repentance is gone forever.

Again, large numbers of the unsaved meet with a sudden death—as in the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, when three hundred deathless souls were hurried into eternity in a few moments, others go by shipwreck or railroad accident, or drop dead from heart disease or apoplexy. We are living in a world where

Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its perils every hour.

And—

Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

Hence there is no safety save in obeying the divine command, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Having given in this book, an account of so many glorious death-bed conversions, we feel it our duty to speak of a few among many with whom we labored long and faithfully when on their death-beds, but who, nevertheless, apparently died unsaved.

One was James H., a youth about seventeen years of age, whom we found prostrated on a sick bed in the hospital department of the Colored Home. He was small of his age, and being wasted with disease he looked like a mere child, and we thought as we beheld his innocent little face, "Surely it will be easy work to lead Jemmy to the Saviour ;" but we were never more mistaken. When spoken to about his soul he confessed that he was a sinner and was unprepared to die, but would always add, "I am too sick to get religion now, when I get better I will seek the Lord." He was almost gone with consumption but we did not, at first, break the dreadful news to him

that he must die. But as he continued to resist all efforts for his conversion we finally told him the worst of his case as tenderly and encouragingly as possible, that it was better to die young and go to heaven than to live in sin until he was an old man, and finally lose his soul. We also told him how Jesus loved him and was waiting to save him, and if he gave his heart to the Saviour he would soon send the angels to carry him to heaven. But a scowl would always come over his face and he would reply impatiently, "I am not going to die. I shall be better soon." Finding that tender dealing did not move him we would read the threatenings of the Word and sing some of the most solemn awakening hymns, warning him of the burning lake that must be his portion unless he made his peace with God. But the young rebel was not to be coaxed or frightened into repentance. The last effort that we made for his salvation was one of the most solemn meetings that we ever held around the bed of the dying sinner. He was almost gone. We told him that we feared we should never see him again, and that he would never more hear us sing or pray as he would, no doubt, be gone before we came again. We urged and entreated him to pray, and warned him again and again of his danger, but all to no purpose. He became very angry and said, "I am not going to die. I've only got a cold and my cough is better now than it was. I shall be well before long." We never saw him again. He died soon after in raging despair.

The inmates said that his death was one of the most awful they ever witnessed.

In a bed nearly opposite where James died lay another poor sinner nearing the grave with consumption. We had labored with him frequently, but he was never thoroughly awakened until he witnessed the fearful closing scene of poor Jimmy's life. At our next visit as we inquired into the state of his mind he replied with streaming tears, "I want religion. I am praying all the time for it. Do pray for me. Oh! I don't want to die as James died. I seem to see him now in hell. Oh, everlasting, *everlasting!*" Here the terrible thought of eternal death overcame him and he sobbed aloud. We pointed him to the Saviour, and then carried his case to the Lord in prayer. His soul was in an agony and he wept crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." We continued in prayer with him for about two hours, when suddenly his burden of guilt and sin was removed and the Lord spoke peace to his troubled soul. We left him praising God. A few hours after he received the witness of the Spirit, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. He lived only a short time after his conversion, but kept the victory to the end.

Another was the case of a middle aged man who was brought to the hospital very low with consumption. From the time he entered the institution he would allow no one to pray with him or converse on the subject of religion. We can usually in time of sick-

ness get access to hearts by paying some attention to the poor suffering bodies. So we occasionally took him oranges or delicate food, which pleased him much and won his confidence so far that he allowed us to pray and talk closely with him about his soul. But it was evident that he consented from respect to the missionaries rather than any concern he felt for his own soul. He usually told us he was not very sick, and should be well soon. One day when he was near death we went to see him, feeling a great concern for his soul, and made another and final effort for his salvation. We told him that we had come three miles that sultry day to pray with him, because we thought he was very near death, and feared he would lose his soul. He grew very angry as soon as we told him that he was near death, and replied very abruptly but scarcely above a whisper, "I don't thank you for taking so much pains to tell me I am going to die. I don't believe that I am going to die. My lungs are as sound as any man's lungs." But he lived only a few days after this. When dying one of the men in the hospital said to him, "Do you know that you are dying?" He replied, "Yes." "Well, what have you to say now for yourself?" "*I am lost!*" he said, and soon after breathed his last.

At another time one of the inmates asked us to speak to a sick man who lay in a bed on the opposite side of the ward. We asked, "Is he a Christian or seeking the Lord?" The reply was, "No, he is a

very wicked man. He gets angry and swears fearfully." Stepping to his bedside we began to talk with him tenderly about his soul. We told him that he was a very sick man, and ought to be seeking his soul's salvation. He replied in a light, careless manner, "Well, I do feel pretty bad, and sometimes I think I will never get well ; then again, I think perhaps I shall get up again and be able to hobble about and do a little for my own support." Looking at the card over his bed, it read, " Age, 60 years." We said, " You are sixty years old. Don't you think that you have lived in sin long enough? Sixty years is a long time to serve the devil. Supposing you should get well, don't you think that you ought to give your heart to God and serve him the rest of your life?" " Oh ! " he replied, " sixty years is not very old. I belong to a long-lived race. My parents and fore-fathers lived to a great age." Having warned him of his danger in neglecting his soul, we sang that solemn hymn,

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear :
Repent thine end is nigh ;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far ;
Oh, think, before thou die.

We then spent some time in praying that the Lord would awaken his poor, careless soul, but left him apparently as we found him, *unconcerned*. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we left his bed-side. At eleven o'clock of the same night

he fled into an awful eternity. His sudden death was unexpected by all. When we left him we thought that he might live several weeks. He, too, seemed unconscious of the fact that he was dying, and the men in the ward did not perceive it until he was about breathing his last. "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov. xxix., 1.)

MARY.

Another terrible warning to procrastinating sinners is the case of Mary. She had been an inmate of the Home for several months, and was a regular attendant at the Wednesday afternoon meetings. She often manifested much concern for her soul, and several times went to the altar as a seeker of salvation. The last time but one that she presented herself for prayer will never be forgotten by those who labored with her. She was heart-broken, crying for mercy, and seemed truly not far from the kingdom of God. An unusual spirit of prayer was given the saints in her behalf, but she failed to receive the blessing and left the chapel unsaved. Nevertheless, as she was earnestly seeking the Lord we expected soon to see her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour; but meeting with an unexpected trial soon

after she became angry, thereby grieving the Spirit, and brought hardness and darkness over her heart. She continued to attend the meetings, but never could be induced to put forth the same earnest effort for the salvation of her soul. The last time she came into the chapel three of the missionaries went to her at different times during the meeting, urging and entreating her to take her place among the mourners at the altar. But she positively refused to go. A few days after this she was taken with her last sickness. She was in great distress of mind from the first, but it seemed to be more the agony of despair than that true repentance which cries,

Guilty I stand before thy face,
On me I feel thy wrath abide ;
'Tis just the sentence should take place ;
'Tis just—but oh, thy Son hath died.

We visited her a few times during her sickness and tried in every possible way to get her eyes off from herself and her sins to that Saviour who is able to save to the uttermost ; but all to no purpose. Those who had the care of her said that she died a fearful death, often shrieking, “I am burning ; I am burning. Oh, do take the clothes off from me for I am in the flames !”

There is a time, we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of man
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

Oh, where is that mysterious bourn
By which our paths are crossed,
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost.

How long may I go on in sin,
How long will God forbear,
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent,
"Ye who from God depart,
While it is called to-day repent
And harden not your heart."

CHAPTER X.

PREVAILING PRAYER.

MR. G. AND HIS FAMILY.

AT the time we became acquainted with this interesting family it consisted of Mr. and Mrs. G., two sons and two daughters. The wife and mother was a devoted Christian, but Mr. G., although strictly moral, was destitute of religion. George, the oldest of the children, an interesting young man about eighteen years of age, was wasting away with a slow, deceptive consumption. All of his friends and neighbors thought him in his last sickness ; but George thought otherwise, said he had taken a hard cold but should feel better when the weather became warm. When questioned about his prospects for eternity he was serious and tender. He said he was not prepared to die ; he knew he ought to have religion, and when urged to set about seeking it at once he promised to do so, and we have reason to believe that he did. At one time, soon after our first visit,

as two of the missionaries were laboring with him the Lord gave them much assurance that it was His will to save him that hour; he was also greatly drawn out in prayer for himself, but gave up the struggle before deliverance came. However, he seemed so near the Lord we expected to see him speedily and powerfully converted; but in this we were disappointed. The enemy who defeated this first contest for the kingdom in a measure took possession of his mind, and seemed to paralyze his will and emotions so that he settled down into a state of indifference or spiritual stupor, which for months baffled every effort put forth for his salvation.

In was early in the fall when we made his acquaintance. He lived through the winter and spring until about the middle of June; and during all those months we visited him frequently, always talking to him plainly but tenderly, reading the Bible, singing, praying, explaining the way of faith, urging him to believe—in short, using every possible means for his conversion, but without success. At one time we would read the precious promises and sing,

Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee
O Lamb of God, I come !

Another day we would read the threatenings and warnings of the Word, and sing some awakening hymn. Once, when feeling greatly discouraged over his case, we sang,

O for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;
Of feeling all things show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

These lines were never more applicable to any soul than to poor George, while thus bound by the enemy. A minister who had visited him for many weeks regarded him as one given over to hardness of heart ; and, not knowing that we had labored with him, sent a message requesting us to visit George, expressing his fears concerning him. We could not believe that he had sinned away his day of grace, but feared that he was insensible of the near approach of death, and had so turned his attention to his bodily sufferings that he would probably die unsaved. During the spring months he sank rapidly. Every symptom of dissolution set in—his feet swelled badly, his appetite became poor and his stomach so weak that he was unable to eat the most delicate food. One very rainy day, fearing he would not live until the next morning, we all went to his little room, resolved to make one more effort for his salvation before he died. That morning we found his father home—he was usually closely confined to his business, but as George was so much worse that day he had remained at home. We were glad of an

opportunity to converse with him on the subject of religion. He confessed his need of Christ and his sin in neglecting his soul's salvation so long. The condition of his dying boy seemed to convict him that had he been a Christian he might have led his son to Christ. When we engaged in prayer he not only bowed his knees but his heart before the Lord, and began earnestly but silently to pray for himself. Our attention, however, was more expressly turned to George, who was apparently as hard as ever. As soon as we began to call on the Lord, the powers of darkness gathered thick around us, and there was no sensible access to the throne of grace. We had often felt this resistance of the enemy but never so powerfully as at this time; all spirit of prayer was gone and a drowsy feeling came over us all. Just as we were at the point of discouragement and about to give over as usual and return home, it was suggested to three of the company, each not knowing the conviction of the other, to ask the Lord to break the devil's power over George. Hitherto we had prayed the Lord to awaken him to see his danger and to feel his lost condition, and give him repentance unto life; to show him the simple way of faith, and help him to press through all difficulties that surrounded him and lay hold on Christ. But instead of this form of prayer we gathered around him and asked the Lord to cast out the devil that bound him. A wonderful spirit of prayer was immediately given, with the assurance of victory. The conflict was

sharp but short. At first he shrank from us as though frightened, but this only convinced us that the enemy was getting in close quarters, and must soon give way. In a few moments the overwhelming power of God came on him, setting his soul at liberty, and he began to praise the Lord with all the strength of his feeble voice. While we were engaged with George one of the missionaries was kneeling by Mr. G., encouraging him to give himself, then and forever, to the Lord. When the baptism fell on George the glory-cloud rested on all in the room, the saints shouted victory, and Mr. G. was instantly converted and gave God the glory. On hearing his son praise the Lord he clasped him in his arms, shouting the high praises of God, while George exclaimed, "Glory to God! he has blessed me and father too. Oh, glory to God! he has blessed me and father too." Just then his little brother and sister came in from school and he cried out, "Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie, I've got religion! Glory to God! Hannah, I've got religion." Mrs. G. with flowing tears said, "This pays me for all my prayers and trials of faith. For many years I have prayed for the conversion of my husband and children; now God has answered prayer and I believe he will give me the rest of my children."

George was much better after his conversion; his appetite returned, and the sickness at his stomach ceased from that hour. He lived about four weeks after he experienced religion, triumphing over the

world, the flesh and the devil until the very last. Glory to God forever!

Only a few short months had elapsed after George was buried when his little brother Johnnie, now about ten years of age, was taken down with the same disease. He, too, loved to have the missionaries call and sing and pray with him. One day while they were telling him about Jesus, who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me," the Lord spoke peace to his soul, and with streaming tears he cried out, "O yes, Jesus is Johnnie's Saviour. Jesus does save Johnnie just now." We could not doubt it for he looked as happy as a little angel. He was a very quiet, lovely child, and dearly beloved by the family; but the Lord loved him more than father or mother, and soon sent the angels to carry little Johnnie to his home in heaven. He was buried in the same grave with his brother, there to await the resurrection morn, when they will come forth arrayed in glorious robes.

Hannah, who was a little older than Johnnie, has, since the death of her brothers, given her heart to the Lord, and has become quite an active missionary. Mr. G. also holds out faithfully. In a recent revival the youngest daughter was brought into the fold of Christ. Surely the Lord does hear a mother's prayers.

A WIFE'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

Mrs. S. is a German woman, in whom we have taken a deep interest for several years. For twenty years past this devoted servant of the Lord has lived with an intemperate husband, who not only spent all his own earnings for liquor but often demanded a portion of his poor wife's hard-earned money to satisfy his unnatural thirst. During all those years of sorrow she struggled hard and brought up her family of five children in respectability. But her trials with her wretched husband were often terrible to endure. She made few complaints but carried her burden to the Lord, trusting that he would, sooner or later, undertake for her. As is usually the case, the intemperate husband grew worse and worse, turning his home into a very hell on earth. One morning very early Mrs. S. came to us and said, "My husband is getting so bad I feel the Lord must come to my help soon or I shall sink. I am on my way to my day's work at washing, and having fasted and prayed this morning the Lord brought this promise to mind as though it was given to me, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven." (Matt. xviii., 19.) Then, it seemed, that the Lord told me to come to the missionaries and have you join with me in praying for the conversion of my poor husband, and I do

believe if you will pray with me the Lord will take hold of his case. We knelt in prayer and the Lord gave much liberty in asking for the salvation of the wretched husband. As she arose to leave she said, "I feel that the Lord has heard prayer; my burden is all gone. I feel so light and so *sure it will be done.*" When she returned home from her washing that night she found her husband very pale and shaking with ague. This was something new, for he had never felt anything of the kind before. He said to his wife, "I'm very sick. I think that *stuff* that I drink is hurting me, and I am going to stop it." And he did stop drinking for two weeks. When a week had passed and he continued to keep his promise, she came to us one night almost wild with joy and said, "Oh, Mr. S. has not touched a *drop* for one whole week." And still another week of unbroken happiness passed in the humble little room; and then he was tempted, yielded, and again became a slave to his appetite. This was a great trial to the good woman's faith. She came to us with a sorrowful heart, "Oh!" said she, "he has fallen again, but I believe the Lord will yet hear prayer, and I feel that I can't praise him enough for those two weeks of happiness that I have spent with my husband. I have not had a happy home before for twenty years." But the Lord did not try the faith of his trusting child much longer. Her husband was again taken very ill, a few days after he took to his old habit. It was his last sickness. He pined

away until it was evident that he was fast wasting with consumption. During the few weeks that he lived he sought and found the Saviour, and died leaving a satisfactory evidence that through the mercy of God his many sins had all been forgiven.

We were not at home when the news of his death came, but his little boy left the message, "Tell the missionaries that my papa is dead, but he died a Christian." We called on the family the next morning. It did not seem like a house of death—there was no mourning; all the children looked happy, and Mrs. S. was praising the Lord with every breath. "Oh," said she, "I am so happy. I want to shout aloud the praises of God. I feel such a blessed assurance that my poor husband is 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' O yes, he is 'safe in the arms of Jesus.'"

"And will not the Lord avenge his own elect?
. . . . I tell you he will avenge them speedily."

CHAPTER XI.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JEHOVAH-JIREH.

AT one time, when entirely out of money, we started to visit a woman who had been taken sick in the street and found shelter with a very poor family. Before leaving the street-car a gentleman who had just finished reading a tract we had given him, came to us, and after some conversation about our mission work handed us a dollar saying, "Take that, I wish to help on such a good work." We never saw the gentleman before nor since, but took the money as from the Lord to relieve that poor family. With it we made them quite comfortable for that day. We found the woman very sick indeed. Being homeless and friendless she had sought shelter with a family who themselves were in deep affliction, both from sickness and poverty. The man, though sober and industrious, was without employ-

ment ; his wife was sick with rheumatism and confined to her chair ; her only bed, a pallet of straw and rags, she had given to the wretched creature, who was in much greater suffering than herself. A little child some three years old lay on two chairs, moaning piteously from an abscess forming in or about the shoulder, of which he died a few days after. The family were colored people, but the sick one they were protecting was a white woman, quite young and delicate. She lay in a dark narrow closet off from a very damp underground room where the family lived, and she could only be seen by the dim light of a lamp. The whole scene was a picture of destitution and distress such as is rarely found except in large cities.

At another time when our treasury was empty and many sick ones were suffering for the want of food, the Lord again sent us help from an unexpected source. A wealthy lady on her death-bed, feeling a deep sense of gratitude to God for his mercy, and wishing to do something for his precious cause and the suffering poor, having heard of this mission, sent for Dr. ——— and gave him one hundred dollars for its benefit.

Although we have received hundreds of letters containing remittances for this mission, all of which seemed to come as directly from the Lord, yet the most remarkable of all was the ten shillings mentioned in the following letter :

. . . . "As I was looking over my bed of pie-plants the other day, I found a gold dollar lying on the top of a bunch. . . . As I picked up the shining beauty I thought as I had but one little girl it must be given to her for a pocket piece. Then I called to mind that I had promised the Lord some months ago, to give to some benevolent cause all I might be favored with by saving or getting in an unusual manner. Since then I have had several small presents, and I have been blessed with unusual good health, which has saved hiring a girl, &c. I look at these things as providential. A neighbor offered me \$1.25 for the gold dollar. I accepted it, telling him I would be glad to get the quarter as I wanted to give it to some good cause. . . . And it seemed to me, after reading the articles about the Providence Mission that that was the place for my little offering. Please accept my widow's mite for Doctor ———, who began and carries on so great a work by trusting wholly in God to sustain it. Oh, how it gladdens my heart to know there are in this our day precious saints who thus honor God by their faith. May Heaven's blessings rest upon them, is the prayer of

"L. S. N."

"PLATTSVILLE, Wis."

This money reached us in a time of great need. Truly He who sent Peter to get the tribute-money from the mouth of the fish is not at a loss for expedients by which to supply the wants of His poor.

MARTHA BOLDEN.

One day while visiting through the hospital our attention was directed to this young woman. She told us that she had been very wicked indeed, but wanted religion. She had been from the South but a few months. Shortly after coming to New York she obtained a service place, where she remained until taken sick. When she had recovered from this illness she was without work. Soon her means were exhausted and then she knew not what to do. One day as she was standing by the doorstep of her lodging place, a young girl living in the same street accosted her, and inquired if she was feeling lonely, and if she wanted employment, &c., and then asked her to come to the house where she lived. She accepted the invitation and went with the stranger. Then she was asked to remain until morning, which she did. But on the following day she learned that this was a disreputable house. Being homeless, friendless and penniless, she availed herself of this place, where she remained for five weeks. Then her conscience so troubled her that she forsook the house, resolving that she would sooner starve in the street than lead such a disgraceful life. Shortly after this she was taken sick and went to the Colored Home.

One day we gathered around her and began to point her to Jesus. She wept and prayed, but seemed

quite despondent. She said that in the night she would often lie awake and think, asking herself the question, "where would I go if I should die now;" and then she would cry, "Lord have mercy on my poor soul!" but the devil would say, "*It's too late! it's too late!*" We told her that it was not too late, and encouraged her to look to Christ at that moment and be saved. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I want the old kind of religion; the religion my good old mother had, that will be with me in the dying hour." We left her somewhat encouraged, believing that God would come and save her.

On the following Wednesday afternoon we found her still anxiously seeking the Saviour. She wept and said, "Oh, I'm more hungry for religion than I ever was for a meal of victuals." Again we sang and united with her in prayer, and that hour the Lord revealed himself to her soul. She lived but a short time after this. We obtained the particulars of her death from the inmates of her ward. On the night of her death she was sitting in a chair, very weak and almost helpless. She complained of feeling cold, and although evidently dying, she carried a brick to the stove to heat for her feet; then she knelt in prayer by her bedside. After kneeling for some time she clasped her hands and exclaimed earnestly, "O Jesus, Jesus!" and then fell to the floor. She was lifted to the bed and the doctor was summoned.

Martha was very happy, and told them she was going to heaven. She requested them to write to her mother and tell her that her daughter had gone to heaven, and she must meet her there. She also exhorted those in the ward to give their hearts to Jesus.

The young physician wanted to know if she was insane or had a fit. To this she replied that she was in her right mind, but happy because she was going to heaven. She then sang,

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are ;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

A few moments more and Martha's happy spirit took its flight to be forever with the Lord. The doctor said that he never before saw any one die like that.

MARY AND AGNES.

One cold wintry day in an old dilapidated building on Sullivan street we found a man with his wife and two sick children. In addition to their own family they had taken from the street two homeless widows, both very sick. Mary, one of the widows, had a very high fever, and was unable

to speak above a whisper. She also had two small children. The other widow, Agnes, was very low with consumption. She was lying on a piece of old carpet, with a few rags under her head and a piece of an old dress for covering. Mary's bed was but a trifle better. This wretched household of eight were utterly destitute of food, fuel or money, and those who were able to work could find no employment, while the landlord was daily pressing them for rent.

We immediately began the work of relieving the temporal wants of this family, and from our supplies for the poor we soon made them comparatively comfortable. We filled a tick with straw, which furnished a bed for poor Agnes, and then provided the family with food, fuel and additional bedding.

They were all unsaved, but Agnes was much concerned about her soul. We frequently called and prayed with her. At one time she was much drawn out in prayer for herself, and while we were singing, praying and endeavoring to point her to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, she felt her burden removed, and her tempest tossed soul found rest and peace. From that hour the fear of death was removed and she calmly awaited the final summons.

One day shortly after the conversion of Agnes, while we were praying with her, the family were notified by the house agent that they were dispossessed, and that they must vacate the house within

three days. This caused them great trouble. The visiting physician said that the women were too sick to be moved. But there is little mercy shown the *colored poor*. They were told that because the two sick women were not their own relatives the law could not protect them, although both of their own children were sick, one of whom died shortly after. In this distress they were obliged to vacate the house. We hired a carriage and had Agnes taken to the Home, where she soon after died in the Lord. The rest of the family found shelter with other poor people.

“For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord.” (Ps. xii., 5.)

“He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse.” (Prov. xxviii., 27.)

FRANK BELL.

This young man came to New York when quite young, and falling into bad company he became greatly dissipated; but after a few years of gambling, swearing, Sabbath-breaking, &c., his career of sin was suddenly checked by a severe sickness. For a time he was confined in one of these low

places, and from there went to the Home. On his entering the ward the first man he met was one of his old comrades in sin, whom he had not seen for a long time. He accosted him somewhat as follows, "Well, Frank, I am glad to see you. Now you must make up your mind to be good, for there are a great many good folks here, and I have got religion myself." Frank looked at him suspiciously, for he would as soon have believed that the devil was converted as he, and then passed on into the ward. When evening came he was informed that there was to be a prayer meeting in the ward above. Though suffering greatly he yet felt a strong desire to attend the meeting, that he might see if his old friend took any part in the exercises. Soon after the meeting was opened the young convert commenced praying with such earnestness and unction that Frank was melted to tears, and resolved that hour that he too would seek the salvation of his soul.

On the Wednesday afternoon following he came into the meeting and went to the altar a poor, heavy-laden sinner, crying for mercy. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I'm such a sinner. I'm not fit for God to look at. *So unworthy; so unworthy.* But O God, have mercy, have mercy for Jesus' sake." We continued in prayer with him for a long time, and felt that God was nigh at hand to save this contrite soul. After the meeting had closed a few remained with the poor mourner. While we were singing,

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come,

the light broke into his darkened soul and the glory that rested upon him was too great for the poor body that, like Daniel when God revealed himself, there was no strength in him. He whispered, "Blessed Jesus, he is my Saviour!" Two of his friends supported him, and when able to speak he gave the following testimony; "Jesus told me to go in peace and sin no more. He has forgiven all my sins this afternoon. Praise God!" After this he would often say to us, "I am so happy since I gave my heart to Jesus, that sometimes I don't know what to do with myself." At another time he said, "Before I was converted I thought I knew everything, but now I see I never knew anything, but I'm trying to learn."

Frank was a fine appearing young man, gifted in prayer and possessed of more than ordinary abilities. But being a native of the South his early education had been sadly neglected. Soon after his conversion he felt that the Lord called him to the work of the ministry, but as he was unable to read he felt that he could do but little towards instructing others until he could first read the Bible for himself. Accordingly he at once diligently applied himself to his books, and being aided by one of the aged inmates of his ward only a few weeks elapsed

before he could read the Bible readily. Soon after this he left the Home and obtained a service place on Staten Island. There he with two or three others commenced holding evening meetings, and five were converted under their labors. When he left Staten Island he went to Flushing and rented a room for a small sum. Here he again commenced meetings and was instrumental in the conversion of seven souls, some of whom had been notoriously wicked. During the day he would gather the children of the neighborhood into his room and teach them the alphabet. He is now serving as waiter with a family in this city.

One evening when he called at our house we said, "Well, Frank, you should be very thankful that you have a service-place when so many are without employment." "Why," he replied, "the Lord has said he would take care of his little ones, and I am one of them." He then added, "But I would almost as soon be without work, for then I have such nice times holding meetings." At another time he told us that a few weeks previous he had resolved to see just how near he could live to God. "So," said he, "when I arose in the morning I prayed; then I lit the fire and I prayed; then I set the table and I prayed; then before calling the family to breakfast I prayed, and thus I prayed all day. Well, the devil bothered me all that day and everything seemed to go wrong, but I knew it was the devil so I went on praying, and then the devil didn't bother me any

more, and the past two weeks have been the happiest weeks I ever spent."

He is now endeavoring to earn a sufficient sum with which to educate himself. We thank God for all he has done for Frank, and for what he has enabled him to do for the cause of Christ. We have no doubt but one day he will be a minister of the Gospel.

MR. PHILIPS.

One day after holding a season of prayer with one of the sick ones at the Home, our attention was directed to Mr. Philips, on the opposite side of the ward, who, we were informed, was seeking religion. On conversing with him we learned that he had been under deep conviction for several days. He wept bitterly, and in broken accents told us that he had slept none for seven nights, so intense was his longing after Jesus; he felt he was a great sinner and was trying to find mercy. We commenced singing a hymn, and before we had sung one verse he fell upon his knees and commenced calling on God for mercy. We prayed with him and also sang several other hymns. It was getting late and we were obliged to leave, as it was the hour for supper at the Home; but we left the mourner on his knees

sobbing aloud, and begging the Lord to pardon his sins.

The following Wednesday he was in the meeting, and at the first invitation he went to the altar weeping aloud as he went. We have seldom seen a soul more deeply penitent. Like the poor publican he smote upon his breast crying, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" For a long time he seemed to writhe in agony like one suffering the most excruciating pain. When the meeting was nearly at its close we commenced singing the hymn,

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do,

with the accompanying chorus,

I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And through his blood, his precious blood,
I am from sin set free.

A ray of light began to dawn upon his soul and hope sprang up within his heart as he exclaimed, "*I will* believe, *I do* believe, take away my unbelief." A few moments more in earnest prayer, and then springing to his feet he shouted, "Glory to God!" He had received the assurance of sins forgiven, and now his rejoicing was as excessive as had been his grief. With tears of joy and gratitude he said, "Oh, how good the Lord was to show me my lost

condition. He showed me my dear mother and children in heaven and myself on the road to hell. I thought I was lost, but, glory to God, he has found me." Several times in the midst of his rejoicing he exclaimed, "Saved at the eleventh hour; escaped from the brink of hell." He still continues a true disciple and faithful follower of Christ.

FRANK AND HIS GRANDFATHER.

Frank was a waiter in a female seminary in this city where for some time he served in feeble health. When no longer able to work he returned to the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who had cared for him from his childhood. He was about twenty years of age, courteous and genteel in his manners, but quite reserved when the subject of religion was named; indeed, he seemed to have no concern for either his soul or body. He was sick with consumption and evidently in the last stage of the disease, yet entertaining strong hopes of regaining his health. We visited him frequently, and at length the Holy Spirit brought him under deep conviction and he began earnestly to seek the pearl of great price. On one of our visits, as we were singing and praying with him the Lord most gloriously set his captive soul at liberty, and he praised

the Lord with all his redeemed powers. He lived only a few weeks afterwards. From the time of his conversion until his death his sky was unclouded. When dying he often said, "Oh, how sweet to have communion with Jesus." He asked his grandfather to bathe his feet. When his request had been complied with he said, "Now if Jesus comes for me to-night I am all clean, *inside* and *outside*." And in a few moments Jesus *did* come for him, and his redeemed spirit was borne away to its home above.

Frank was dearly beloved by his grandparents, who were both quite advanced in life. Mrs. Smith was a Christian but her husband was living without God in the world. He felt the loss of his grandson very deeply, and his health began to fail from that time. His wife was greatly concerned for his soul and asked us to talk with him, but added, "I don't think he will listen to you, for he won't hear any one talk about religion. He is very hard." We called and found him a willing listener to all we said. We read to him the gracious invitations contained in the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and then knelt in prayer; he wept freely although he said but little. He thanked us and said, "Do call again."

He was a very quiet man and when he made up his mind to seek the Lord he said, "I know that I must do my part of the work—repent and believe—and by his help I am trying to do it, and

I know God will do his part of the work." The Lord came in a still small voice but his conversion was clear and satisfactory. He lived only a short time after he experienced the blessed change. During the last hours of his life the Lord manifested himself to him in a wonderful manner. His friends said that the divine presence was sensibly felt by all in the room. Just before his spirit took its flight he whispered, "The angels are coming; don't you hear the music? Oh, I hear it—the sweet music of heaven." Then he bade them all farewell, and passed over to join the angel bands on the other shore.

WILLIAM PHIPPS.

This young man came to the Home sick with consumption. Not being confined to his bed he did not consider himself dangerously ill. He was soon appointed orderly of the first ward, where he served for several months. Then he began to fail rapidly, and was removed to the hospital department. We had labored with him many times in the past but without apparent success. Although obliging and courteous to us when conversing on other matters, yet when the subject was changed to personal salvation, he would often turn away in derision and

treat the subject with contempt, often saying, "Religion is well enough, I suppose, but there is time enough yet for me. You had better talk to others that are going to die soon," &c. As his health failed he seemed to be more attentive when we talked with him, and his manner toward us was greatly changed. One day as we stopped to say a few words to him we found that he was quite anxious about his soul's salvation. He said, "I am trying to pray, but find I have made a great mistake in putting off until this late hour what I ought to have done long ago." We sat down by his bedside and tried to encourage him to hope for salvation even at that time. We read the promises of God's Holy Word, to which he listened with great attention. While we sang and prayed with him we realized in a very especial manner the presence of the Lord, and while we were yet praying God spoke peace to his soul. The next time we saw him his heart was full of joy, which he said he could not find words to express. As we approached him he extended his hand, his face beaming with delight and exclaimed, "Oh! I'm so happy; *so happy*. I feel that I'm a child of God, and so clean. Jesus is so precious to me all the time. How good he was to forgive me when I had rejected his invitation so long. Oh! how I resisted the Spirit; but God has forgiven all. And I ask you to forgive all I ever said to you that was wrong. I am so thankful you didn't leave me to myself when I treated you

so. I always knew that what you said to me was truth, and I was so foolish not to listen to it. Oh, how I regret that I haven't served God while in health." He seemed to feel much for those that were living in sin around him, and urged them to give their hearts to God. He lived about three weeks rejoicing continually, although often in great pain of body. A few hours before his death he said to one in the ward, "I'm failing, am soon going home, but I'm all ready." He soon fell asleep and never awoke again in this world.

O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord?
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

MR. GUINN.

One day a woman called at our house to see if we could render her a little assistance by way of provision. She said her husband was very sick and without religion. We gave her some provisions and then took her address, promising to call and see her husband. We found Mr. Guinn far gone with consumption. He was a middle-aged man and extremely weak in body, yet very anxious about his soul's salvation. When asked if he had repented of all

his sins and forsaken them, he replied, "O yes, I have been trying for a long, long time to get religion, and I broke off from all my bad habits some time before I was taken sick, and now I feel I haven't long to stay here, and I want to know that my sins are forgiven." He said he was praying and believed the Lord would yet save him. We sang and prayed and when we left he seemed lighter-hearted. Another day he sent for us in great haste to come over and pray with him. We did so, and endeavored to show him what Jesus was to his soul, that he had paid the debt and therefore the repenting sinner might believe in Jesus as his Saviour. He seemed to be encouraged and before we left he claimed by faith the blessing, and said that he believed his sins were pardoned; although he did not yet *feel* it, still he believed it. We told him to keep trusting and believing in Jesus and he would soon receive the clear witness, the full assurance that the change was wrought. A few hours after we left, the joy of the Lord began to fill his soul, and when we again called to see him he no longer had a doubt. He was conscious that the burden of sin had been removed, and that all his transgressions were blotted out. From that hour until his death—which took place a few days after—Mr. Guinn was always joyful and ready to depart and be with Christ.

CONVERSION OF MRS. P.

We found Mrs. P. in a little room on T—— street. She was quite advanced in life and about worn out with hard work. Her countenance wore a sad, troubled expression which led us to inquire if she were acquainted with Jesus. She replied, "I am seeking, but have not found him yet. This morning while praying the Lord melted my heart, I felt the good Spirit, and if I keep right on I believe I shall get through." We asked, "Have you repented of all your sins and put them away?" O yes," she replied, "as far as I know." "Do you see anything that keeps the Lord out of your heart?" "No; but I've got to work hard before I can expect to get religion, and I am trying hard for it." We told her that good works could never purchase salvation, but if she had repented of her sins and forsaken them it was her privilege to take the next step, which was to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; but she made the same reply, "I must work awhile longer before I get the blessing." We saw that we could not reason with her, so we began to sing and then carried her case to the Lord in prayer, and felt a divine assurance that he was present to save that doubting soul. She struggled and prayed for herself with much earnestness. At length we commenced singing,

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

While singing a few verses of this hymn her eye was turned from herself to Christ, and she began to say, "He's done it. The Lord has done the work. Oh, glory ! I hear him say 'Go in peace and sin no more. Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee.'" She arose and walked the room, shouting "Glory to God !" The look of despair had fled, and glory and victory beamed from her countenance. "Oh !" she said, "if I had known the blessing was so good I should not have rested so many years without it. Why, I feel as if I was in a new world. Satan tried hard to get me, but Jesus has driven him away. He made me think I'd got to work hard a long time before I could get the blessing, but I found it *right here*." She took us each by the hand, exclaiming, "Praise the Lord, I've got it, I've got it !" She became a very faithful follower of Christ.

FRANKIE STEWART.

"I was a stranger and ye took me in."

We found this young woman in one of the city hospitals sick with consumption, wholly unprepared

for death and quite insensible of its near approach. She was under treatment for injuries received from a fall, and hoped soon to regain her health. We conversed with her seriously on the subject of religion, urging her to seek the Lord without delay. But she seemed quite unconcerned about the welfare of her soul. Having recovered a measure of health she left the hospital, and being without home or friends in this city, she knew not what to do, but was told of a woman who sometimes befriended homeless girls and lodged them until they could find employment. Frankie was an entire stranger to this woman, but she received her kindly and gave her a home which, although poor, was the best she had. Her delicate frame sank under the fatigue occasioned by the long walk from the hospital, and she was immediately prostrated on a sick-bed. For several weeks we lost all trace of her, but one day when calling on the destitute in that part of the city we found poor Frankie on her dying bed. She was over-joyed at seeing us, and exclaimed, "Oh, I am so glad to see you, I have thought of you often but never expected to see you again. I didn't know where you lived or I would have sent for you to come and pray with me, for I do want to be saved." She readily confessed her sins; said she had been a *great sinner*, and we had reason to believe that she was truly penitent. We encouraged her to look away from herself unto Jesus who has said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." One

day when we called a few friends came in and we all joined in a season of prayer. The poor mourner's heart was encouraged and her faith laid hold on Christ for present salvation. While we were singing,

Jesus wash me in thy blood,

she began in a low, sweet strain to join in the singing, and in a few moments the Lord put the "*new song*" in her mouth, even praise unto our God." She exclaimed, "O yes, Jesus has washed me in his blood, he has washed me clean. O yes, praise his dear name, he has snatched me right from hell's dark door. Yes, me, even me; I'm *saved, saved!*" Her face shone with the glory that filled her soul. The divine presence filled the little room, and others present joined the new-born soul in praising the God of all grace.

Frankie lived three months after her conversion. At times she was a great sufferer; but the kind woman who had befriended her continued to care for her with all the tenderness of a mother, letting her want for nothing that she could furnish for her comfort. She was often obliged to leave her to the care of some kind friend, while she would go out to work in order to earn money with which to pay rent and procure food. Then she would again take her place by the bedside of the poor sufferer during the night, and much of her hard-earned money was used for purchasing little delicacies for her sick charge. After we found them we were able to relieve their

pressing wants, so that the main burden that came on the kind-hearted woman was the care and watching with the dying girl, which was no small task, as it required much washing and ironing to keep her in the clean tidy condition in which we always found her ; besides, she was extremely nervous, and wanted a change of position frequently. Much of her suffering was caused by bed-sores. We relieved this in a measure by placing an air pillow under her. But she was wasted to a mere skeleton, and the bones in many places were worn through the flesh, so that nothing but an air or water-bed could have afforded much relief.

This noble-hearted woman who had the care of Frankie was extremely destitute herself ; besides, she was *not a Christian*, and had never made any profession of religion. But truly she possessed the spirit of the Good Samaritan, whom Christ gives as a sample to his church, saying to all, "Go and do thou likewise." (Luke x., 37.) The young convert kept the rejoicing of hope firm unto the end. The day before her death she said, "All is clear ; not a doubt. I am just laying here waiting for Jesus to take me home."

Through the kindness of a few friends Frankie's body was neatly dressed for burial and placed in a handsome coffin which was strewed with roses, violets, &c. ; also upon her breast and around her face was a profusion of half-blown roses, carnations and violets interwoven with smilax. She was truly beau-

tiful. The little room was filled with the neighbors and those who had become interested in the poor sufferer during the long, weary months of her sickness. A minister delivered a short address. The coffin was placed in the hearse, and the mourners—consisting of the motherly woman who had befriended Frankie and a few others—filled one carriage, and the body was taken to the Lutheran Cemetery, where the undertaker, like Joseph with the body of our Lord, “buried it in his own tomb.”

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

PETER HUDSON.

While visiting from house to house on Jersey street we found this young man. He was rapidly hastening to eternity with the fatal consumption. Peter was an intelligent man, but like too many others, he had lived for the world and had neglected the salvation of his soul. When he heard death

knocking at his door he earnestly set about making his peace with God. We visited him often, and always found him deeply penitent. One night, after his mother had retired, he felt so distressed in mind that he could not sleep. "But," he said, "while I was weeping and calling on God for mercy, suddenly there appeared to be a cloud surrounding me, and a voice said, 'Did not Jesus suffer for you that you might have forgiveness of sins?' Then the cloud broke and a flood of light and glory filled my soul. Oh, it was blessed. I felt like getting out of bed and jumping for joy." He shouted, "Glory to God! glory to God!" with all his strength for some length of time; but his voice being very weak his mother did not hear him. On entering his room the next morning she saw the change in his countenance before he uttered a word, as his face bore an expression of happiness and peace quite in contrast with its former look of sadness and anxiety. He continued very happy in the Lord from that time, and died a few days after his conversion.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

THE Providence Bible Missionary Society was commenced by a prominent physician of this city in 1860. About that time this Christian Gentleman consecrated all of his future income to the Lord for charitable purposes, and resolved to lay up no more treasure upon earth. He immediately employed missionaries to carry the Gospel into the highways and by-ways of the most destitute and neglected portions of our Lord's vineyard, especially to the poor and oppressed colored population. For some length of time he sustained two missions, one in Philadelphia and one in New York, and employed seven missionaries, all of whom he supported, besides furnishing the tracts and bibles for distribution. During his connection with this mission he has expended between thirty and forty thousand dollars of his own means. Recently, however, providential circumstances have obliged him to suspend the support, which for sixteen years he has so gen-

erously bestowed upon this mission with such glorious results. But we trust the Lord will influence other hearts to fill his place and thereby enable us to continue this good work.

Providence Mission is not connected with any church organization, hence is not sectarian. It is not supported by any particular denomination, and being without endowment, we are greatly in need of financial aid.

If all professing Christians to whom the Lord has given an abundance of this world's goods, would follow the example of this faithful steward of the Master, what multitudes of perishing souls might be reached by the Gospel, and saved, who otherwise will be lost. But alas! too many, after accumulating wealth sufficient for the support of themselves and families, either retire from business or do what is worse, continue to add thousands to thousands, and millions to millions, until, like the rich man spoken of in the Gospel, they know not what to do with their vast possessions. (Luke xii. 16-21.) And usually, when these millionaires make their will, they bestow their wealth on those who are rich enough without it, and who have no need of their gifts. They forget that *giving to the rich* is as great a sin as oppressing the poor. God in his Word says, "He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches and he that giveth to the rich shall surely come to want." (Prov. xxii. 16.) Perhaps they may never "*come to want*," for anything that money can pur-

chase in this life ; but our Saviour tells us of a "*certain rich man*" who had his good things in this world, but he found himself *in want of all things in eternity*.

This rich man is not spoken of in the narrative as having been a great sinner, a murderer, blasphemer, Sabbath-breaker, or profane man ; he seems to have lost his soul for being a rich man, and refusing or neglecting of his abundance to show mercy to the suffering poor around him. He was a professor of religion, a member of the Jewish church, for he calls Abraham "*father*," and Abraham addresses him as "*son*." And he may have given largely of his means to support his *own church*, but when weighed in the balance, he was *found wanting in love and mercy*, which is the *soul of true religion*. Doubtless this rich man bequeathed all his possessions to his "*five brethren*," who were rich enough without it, and their increased wealth, not being used to the glory of God, would help to sink them the deeper into hell. The Apostle says, "They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." (1 Tim. vi. 9.) No wonder that this rich man felt so much concern for his relatives, and prayed Abraham to send Lazarus to warn them. "Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldst send him to my father's house : For I have five brethren ; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment." (Luke xvi. 27, 28.) But this poor

rich man's petition could not be granted, and in his case was fulfilled that solemn declaration, "He that stoppeth his ear to the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard." (Prov. xxi. 13.)

Our hearts sicken as we go through this city and witness the wretchedness and want on the one hand and the wealth and extravagance on the other. We see hundreds of the deserving poor (many of whom are devoted Christians) suffering the want of all things. We find poor sick ones, who like Lazarus, are starving on their death-beds, and many of them, we fear die from want of proper nourishment, long before the natural course of the disease would terminate their life.

Beside this suffering for *temporal* bread, there is a still greater famine for the bread of Life. There are thousands of the out-door poor of New York who never attend church, and the only way they can be reached by the Gospel, is to carry it to their homes. There are hundreds of poor sinners dying unsaved in the lone, dark garrets and cellars of this city, who might be reached and brought to Christ by faithful missionary labor. Truly, "the harvest is great but the laborers are few."

The Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

Instead of a wealthy church sending out *one* missionary in this vast field, *every wealthy church member* who cannot do the work themselves, ought to employ at least one missionary. And this could be done with only a small portion of the money that is worse than wasted by many professing Christians. If the gold and costly array that adorns the "daughters of Zion" in this city, were laid at the feet of Jesus for this purpose, there would be an abundant supply. It would relieve all the pressing wants of the poor, and send the Gospel to every neglected abode of poverty in this city, and eternity alone would reveal the glorious results of such a sacrifice. And is it not a *reasonable* sacrifice, since the Word of God forbids Christian women to wear these things? "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning, of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." (1 Pet. iii. 3, 4.) "In like manner also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works." (1 Tim. ii. 9, 10.) But extravagance in dress is only one of the "*many foolish and hurtful lusts*" spoken of by the Apostle. There are many other things equally sinful, for which thousands of dollars are spent yearly by church members,

who, when asked to help God's suffering cause, speak of hard times, and reply, "I can't afford it."

There is another class of rich people who shut their ears to the cry of the poor, but they do not "fare sumptuously every day." Indeed they do not allow themselves the necessities of life. They love their money so much, that they will neither use it themselves nor allow others to have the benefit of it while they live. And these misers usually die without making a will. They are too much attached to their money to think of parting with it, and act as though they expected to take it with them to the other world. The Bible says of such, "Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue forever, and their dwelling-place to all generations; they call their lands after their own names. Nevertheless, man being in honor abideth not; he is like the beasts that perish. For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away; his glory shall not descend after him." (Psalm xlix. 11, 12, 17.)

There is only one way by which the gold and silver of earth can be taken to Heaven, and that is by giving it to God's suffering poor in this world. Our Saviour says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." (Matt. vi. 19, 20.) "Sell that ye have and *give alms*; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." (Luke xii. 33, 34.) "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind. And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." (Luke xiv. 13-14.) "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." (Prov. xix. 17.) "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate. Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." (1 Tim. vi. 17, 19.)

We rejoice that there are so many of the Lord's wealthy stewards in this city and elsewhere, who are rich in *good works*. They do not intend, when they die, to leave all their treasures behind them in this world; hence they are sharing it with worthy objects of charity, and thereby sending a portion of their wealth "beyond the river," to await their arrival on the other shore. "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." (Luke xvi. 9.)

Those who do not feel a tender pity for the poor, and a desire to do all that is in their power to relieve them are not true disciples of Christ. "Whoso hath

this world's goods and seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (1 John, iii., 17.) "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." (James i., 27.) The destitute widows and orphans are here meant, as is shown by our Saviour's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matt. xxv., 40.)

There are many who are so circumstanced that they cannot visit these afflicted ones in person, but they can do it with their means. God calls some to preach the Gospel with their money as truly as he calls others to preach with their mouths. And we will here say that those who help on this work with their means have the most agreeable part of the cross to bear. They know little of what the faithful missionary endures, who goes through heat and cold, filth and contagion, in search of these lost sheep; besides the immense amount of walking from street to street, and from cellar to garret which is necessary in order to reach their wretched abodes. New York air is impure enough in the healthiest localities, but the work of *this* mission is mainly among the sick and dying, the outcast and fallen, which calls the missionaries into the most unhealthy parts of this densely populated city. Much of the time we are inhaling the impure air of the sick room and often when bending over dying sinners, point-

ing them to the Saviour, we inhale their very breath, until we feel quite sick and faint, and often it results in serious illness. Sometimes we find them in such a neglected condition that we are obliged to clean the filth from the floor before kneeling in prayers.

At one time we visited a woman who was dying, and her soul in the greatest agony, crying, "Lord have mercy! Jesus save me; oh, save my poor soul!" She was almost gone, so we were obliged to get close to her bed and bend our ear to her face to hear her whispered cries for mercy, but it was truly a trial for weak nerves, for her bed and person were covered with hundreds of vermin; but a deathless soul was about to be launched into eternity unsaved. The powers of hell had rallied for the last terrible conflict, and God by his Spirit was helping the poor woman and those who were praying with her. So we kept our trying position for about two hours, when her faith laid hold on Christ, the struggle ceased, and her tempest-tossed soul rested on the atoning blood of Jesus. She lived only a few hours after.

This is no uncommon case. We frequently find the sick in this neglected condition. But, notwithstanding these disagreeable things, the longer we remain in this work the more deeply we are attached to it, and we would not exchange our field of labor for any other, because it is one of the most fruitful we have ever found. These poor creatures are readily reached by the Gospel. Besides we consider them

the *Lord's peculiar charge*. They are the poor and oppressed, the sick and afflicted, the widows and orphans, the strangers and the outcasts. All of these afflicted ones the Lord calls by name in his Word, and the whole tenor of Scripture concerning them is, "I will bless them who bless thee." And the judgment is to turn on this point. We shall be *blessed* or *cursed* according as we have or have not ministered to this portion of God's creation. (Matt. xxv.)

We return our warmest thanks to the friends who have taken such a deep interest in our mission work for the past ten years, and especially for their liberal contributions for the relief of our suffering poor during these times of financial embarrassment. Truly we have been made to say with one of old, "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

There is always much of destitution in large cities, even when business is brisk and money plenty, but no one can know the increase of poverty and wretchedness caused by the present "hard times," except those who, like Job, can say, "*The cause that I knew not I searched out.*"

The hard times began to be deeply felt in 1873. Thousands of the laboring class in this city were thrown out of employment, and themselves and families suddenly reduced to want.

The extreme cold weather set in early in the month of November, and there was great suffering among the poor, for fuel as well as food.

Large numbers of these needy ones came to us for assistance, the most of whom we knew to be the deserving poor, who were willing to work, but could find nothing to do. They often seemed greatly mortified when necessity obliged them to ask for help. Some would say, while the tears coursed down their cheeks, "I have lived in New York twenty or thirty years, and have never before been obliged to beg. To meet this extremity, we had only seventy-five dollars, which was placed in our hands for the sick, and knowing the large amount of extreme destitution we always find under ordinary circumstances, we could see nothing but starvation for many of the poor, unless the Lord should undertake for them, and send help from some quarter. We carried this burden to the Lord with fervent prayer for several weeks. About this time we wrote an article for a *Christian Weekly*, giving a brief statement of the destitution we were witnessing, and asked the friends of Jesus to send us help. A few days after, we received an anonymous letter from Albion, N. Y., containing *fifty dollars*, with the following directions, "Use this for the poor, whoever they are, and wherever found." The same day another letter came, containing ten dollars; and thus nearly every day letters were received containing money or money-orders; also donations were given by friends in the city, until we received four hundred and forty dollars and twenty-five cents; besides, twelve boxes and fourteen barrels, containing clothing of every descrip-

tion, also bedding and provisions, estimated at two thousand dollars. This timely aid enabled us to relieve the pressing wants of hundreds of needy ones. The past winter, we have received about twenty barrels, containing second-hand clothing, bedding, provisions, and delicacies for the sick, such as butter, jelly, dried fruit, etc. One very valuable box of sundries was sent from northern Nebraska.

We are frequently asked by those who wish to give, "What would be the most useful to your mission?" And we will here say anything that will keep the poor from freezing and starving is thankfully received. Several barrels of beans sent last winter were of great service. There is much suffering among the sick for the want of bedding, during the winter months. We would be thankful for a supply before another winter. Comfortables and blankets, although greatly worn, are of much service in our work.

Address letters and boxes to Mrs. Jane Dunning, Providence Mission, No. 329 West Thirty-seventh street, New York City.

Our work was never in a more prosperous condition, *spiritually*, than at present. Souls are continually being awakened and converted. To God be all the glory.

Let me stay, I fain would labor
In the vineyard of the Lord,
For the fields are ready whitening,
Jesus says so in his word ;

Let me thrust the Spirit's sickle
In the fields already white,
Let me blow the Gospel trumpet,
Let me do with all my might.

Let me stay and wear the armor
That my Father doth supply,
Let me cheer the broken-hearted,
Help the pilgrim on his way ;
Let me point the poor and needy
To a boundless store of grace,
To a mansion in the heavens
Where the weary are at rest.

Let me stay and warn poor sinners
Of the danger they are in,
While by Christ they're unprotected,
Foes without and fears within ;
Let me tell how Jesus loved them
When he died upon the tree,
When he cried in grief and anguish,
"Why hast thou forsaken me !"

Let me stay a little longer,
Gathering for the garner great
Golden sheaves, oh, precious jewels,
Stars in Jesus' crown complete ;
Let me finish all my labor,
Then my armor I'll lay down,
And with Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
Ever wear a starry crown.

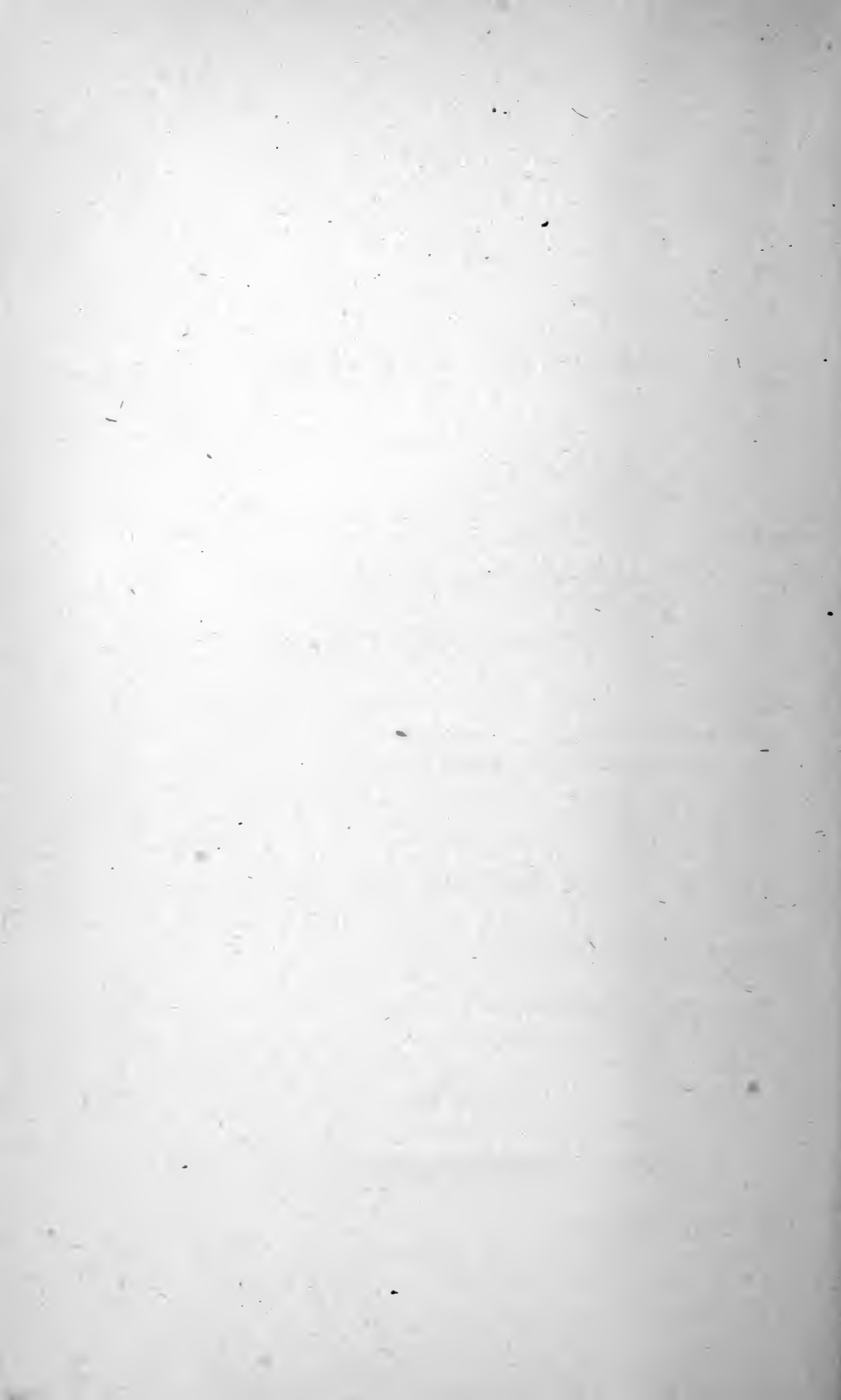


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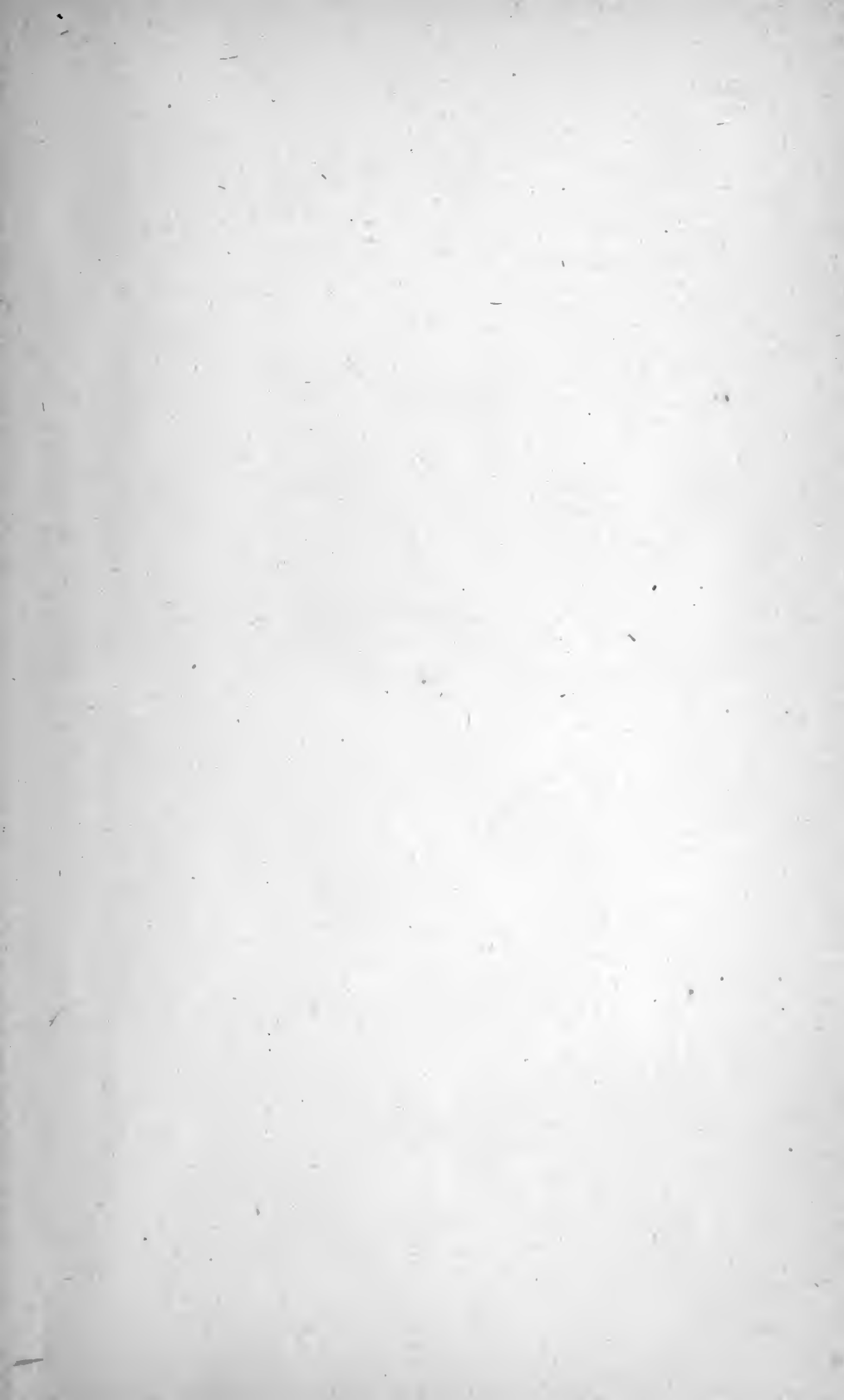
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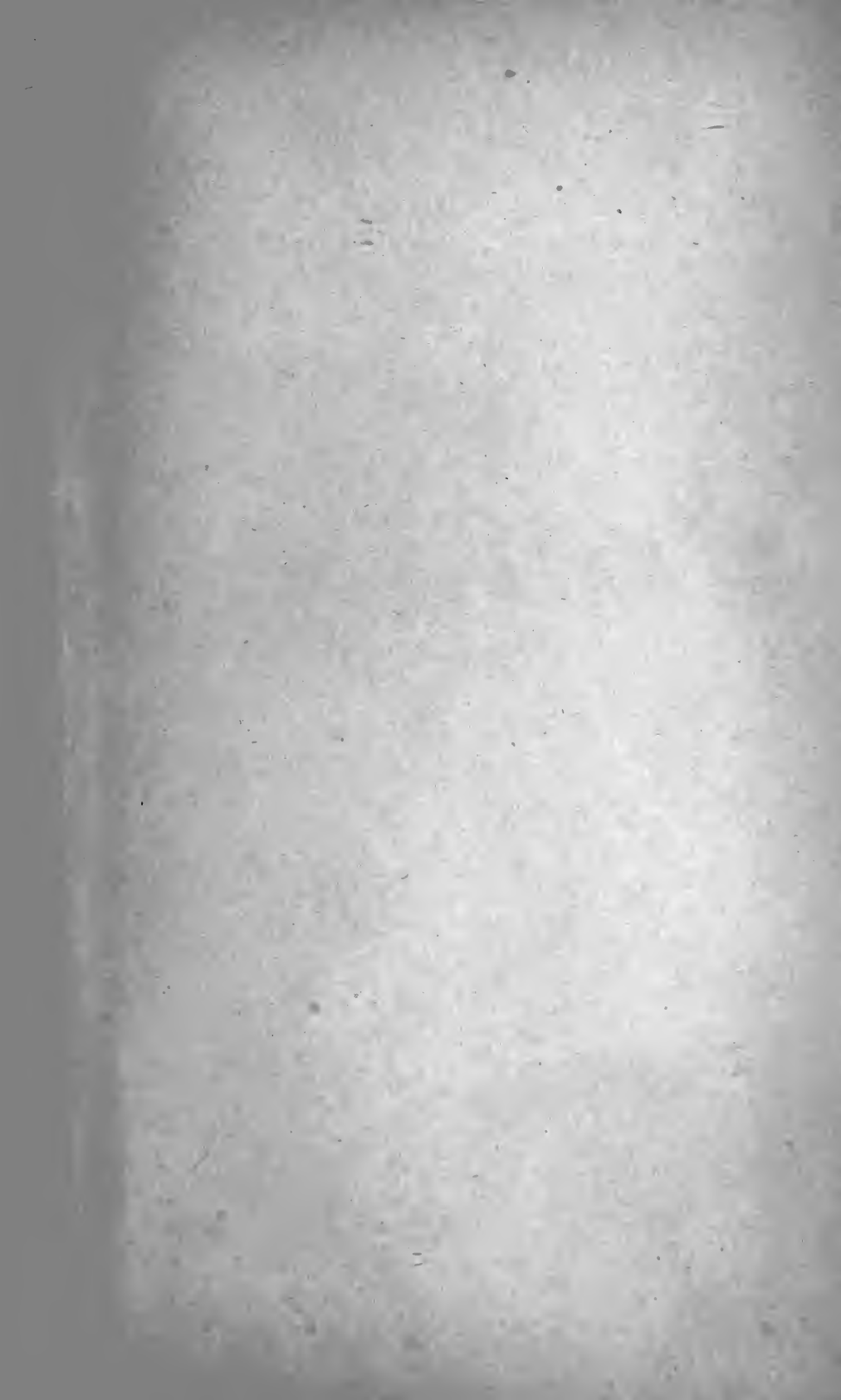
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